053721

THE MAN WHO KILLED DON QUIXOTE

by
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1 CONTINUED: 1

DIRECTOR
How many more times are we going to have to do this?!

EFFECTS SUPERVISOR
It's the Spanish. They can't handle anything complicated.

We are in the middle of a commercial shoot for POWERGRID. All the CREW whip out mobile phones - jabber away while dealing with the problem of getting the actor off the sail to reset for another take. Tension and unhappiness permeates the team. SANCHO PANZA is moaning to a PROP MAN.

SANCHO PANZA
No hablo a proper bloody saddle strap dear boy! *

Walking out of the palm of an enormous prop of a giant's hand is a slick smug American - TOBY GROSINI. Apparently singing to himself, he is, in fact, plugged into his mobile.

TOBY
(singing with beatific smile)
We can do it, we can do it, all together.
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.
Black man, white man, Indian chief...
(the smile drops)
That's what I wrote, that's what you shoot. Me, organ grinder - you, monkey.

Ahead, is the DIRECTOR - a showy, open-shirted, gold-chain-and-crucifix-wearing, formerly famous film director - now clearly past his prime waving a storyboard. TOBY listens to the voice on the phone - keeps two conversations going. *

DIRECTOR
Listen, I want to drop some of these shots. *

TOBY
Por que?, Señor Director...
(back into mobile)
I said I want laughing, smiling, happy clappy people!
White, black, yellow, green, I don't give a fuck - so long as the ratio is right! *
Gotta go. Hands to hold.

DIRECTOR
Toby, we're in deep shit. We're not going to make it! *

TOBY dials another number. The PRODUCER comes hopping along - grinning maniacally - speaking through gritted teeth.

1 CONTINUED: (2) 1

PRODUCER
Hi, guys. Everything under control? Powergrid are watching.

DIRECTOR
Everything's fine.

TOBY
Everything's great.

PRODUCER
Okie kokie, then.

The PRODUCER hops away - waving reassurances to a bewildered CLIENT.

TOBY
(into mobile)
Jack! Hi. I need you to snag me another couple hundred shares of Powergrid. They gotta be rock bottom today.

DIRECTOR
I'm sinking...

TOBY
Once this spot goes out, they're gonna go through the roof.

DIRECTOR
Toby, please!!

TOBY puts his arm reassuringly around the DIRECTOR.

TOBY
(hanging up))
Bob...Roberto, aren't you that brave hombre who fought so heroically to come to Spain for this shoot?!

A dark-skinned GYPSY watches them. TOBY nods in the GYPSY's direction.

TOBY (CONT'D)
The smell, the sweat, the disease-ravaged faces, the endless bowel movements, the real España...
(TOBY's mobile trills 'The Funeral March')
...like in that great movie of yours I used to love as a kid...what was it called?...
(answering mobile)
Toby listens. Speak to him.

DIRECTOR
Toby...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3) 1

The GYPSY, his eyes alight, watches TOBY intently as he guides the DIRECTOR back towards the set.

2 INT HOTEL DINING ROOM NIGHT 2

The sleek modern hotel dining room has been carved out of an ancient castle. A pleasant Spanish musical group are playing in the background. Waiters in sleek Spanish costumes serve.

The agency and production company people are busily pushing storyboards and shot-lists of the Quixote/Powergrid commercial around, eating and jabbering into mobile phones.

A JUNIOR CREATIVE pages rapidly through a couple of mock ups of a different commercial for TOBY - photos of an all-the-colours-of-Benetton choir - an ad line: POVERTY IS WEALTH.

TOBY (cont'd)
"No matter how big, no matter how small..." No, no, no, this is too white bread. More ethnic - more authentic.

DIRECTOR
(sitting next to TOBY)
I've a thought...maybe we should just do the giant on computers back in London.

TOBY
Great idea, Bob! Now we've spent so much bringing everyone out here...
(he nods in the direction of his arriving BOSS)
Why don't you share your thoughts with God.

The BOSS - a ruthless, self-made man - heads through the restaurant, grinning like a shark.

As the CREATIVE scuttles away, the BOSS's hand descends upon TOBY's shoulder.

BOSS
Hombre! Que tal? That's what they say here, isn't it?

TOBY
Wouldn't know. I don't talk to them.

The BOSS laughs indulgently - takes his place at the head of the table. He is most definitely in charge. He bangs the table for attention - raises a glass of wine.

BOSS
Family! My children! Here's to us and bugger the rest! To a great campaign!

2 CONTINUED: 2

EVERYONE toasts. The BOSS puts a Flamenco doll in front of TOBY.

BOSS (cont'd)
Picked up a little something for you.

Pause... a doll? The BOSS flicks a switch. The doll starts a clockwork shimmy. The BOSS and TOBY share a grin.

The CLIENT REP is desperate to get a word in.

CLIENT REP
Excuse me... Frankly I'm a little worried about the negative connotations... I mean, Powergrid as a marauding multinational giant..?

TOBY sighs - begins to obsessively polish his cutlery. He examines the seal on a bottle of mineral water.

TOBY
We've been through this a million times.

TOBY throws an exasperated look to the BOSS.

DIRECTOR
It's the world seen through Quixote's eyes; twisted - distorted - like in the book...

CLIENT REP
There's a book?! Do we have the rights?

TOBY
(rolling his eyes to heaven)
Fuck.

BOSS
I think you should trust Toby a little more.

TOBY violently grabs a WAITER DRESSED IN FAKE GYPSY COSTUME - thrusts his bottle of mineral water into his face.

TOBY
Hey! You've tampered with this, haven't you!? I don't want the runs for the next 24 hours. Get me a fresh one! Jesus!

The BOSS saves the awkward silence.

BOSS
Can't be too careful out here.

TOBY nods - quickly calming down... Then explodes again:

2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

TOBY
(back at the waiter)
And I don't want Spanish!

Standing at the bar, the GYPSY we saw in the previous scene watches TOBY with interest.

TOBY polishes a glass with his napkin - then holding it up to the light watches the approach of a vision: ANGELICA, the boss's striking trophy wife, a daylight blonde pushing 40. Crisp, clean, immaculate. An invitation to severe ruffling.

TOBY (cont'd)
The concept works. Especially with Bob's bold technical gamble on the giant...
(nodding a welcome)
Angelica...

ANGELICA kisses TOBY's cheek - takes her seat between him and the BOSS. The BOSS puts a proprietorial paw on ANGELICA.

BOSS
My dear... What kept you?
(opening a menu)
Toby, what's good?

TOBY
I'd watch out for the Pollastre amb Gambes if I were you.

TOBY clocks the GYPSY watching him - what's he doing here...?

DIRECTOR
(whispering to the boss)
The problem is, I keep telling him, is that we have to make some cuts...

TOBY
No cuts! What's going on here, Bob? Why do I find myself protecting <u>your</u> vision.

ANGELICA
Oh, Toby. Stop it.

TOBY
I'm serious! It's an epic vision! <u>His</u> epic vision.

DIRECTOR
Then why don't you make it. You direct this fucking epic.

TOBY
Moi?! Not me. I'm strictly an ideas man.
(Toby shows his hands)
See? - clean.
(MORE)

2 CONTINUED: (3) 2

TOBY (cont'd)
No, Bob, you're the auteur and that's the way we're going to keep it. However many people it takes.

A tense pause.

DIRECTOR
Fuck you, Toby.

The DIRECTOR leaves.

A FLAMENCO GUITARIST and DANCERS take the stage. The lights dim.

The BOSS watches the DIRECTOR go, his ASSISTANT and the COSTUME DESIGNER fluttering round him with questions.

BOSS
Is he going to stay the course?

TOBY
Sure. They all like a little pain on the way.

TOBY winks at the BOSS - who chuckles.

ANGELICA
You're a twisted little brat, Toby.

TOBY
It's human! Gets the adrenaline going.

ANGELICA
Not mine.

BOSS
You sure about that, dear? A good spanking used to get you going!

ANGELICA
(ice cold)
The question is, darling, what gets you going these days?

A chilled moment. ANGELICA gives the BOSS a razor-bright smile...

The GUITARIST yells his song. The DANCERS strut their stuff.

PRODUCER
(to the boss)
More wine?...

BOSS
(getting up)
Toby, would you keep and eye on my wife for me.

2 CONTINUED: (4) 2

The BOSS nails ANGELICA with a final murderous look... and leaves.

The PRODUCER jumps up - on his way out.

PRODUCER
Well... busy day ahead...

TOBY and ANGELICA are left hanging - suddenly alone.

Down the end of the table, the OTHERS are getting drunk and restless and offensive. A football chant starts up.

TOBY and Angelic meet one another's exasperated look.

The GYPSY who has been watching them descends upon TOBY.

GYPSY
Hombre! Que tal?

TOBY
Go away.

GYPSY
Señor - uno momento...

TOBY
I'm not buying, Hombre! - no weed, no blackmarket cigarettes, no plaster models of the fucking Alhambra!

GYPSY
(turning to Angelica)
Senora... Por favor, es muy importante...

The GYPSY moves in close - whispers to ANGELICA. Touches her. She keeps her eyes on TOBY - smiles archly.

ANGELICA
He wants to show us something. He's got a surprise for you... He's being very insistent...

TOBY
Oh well, in that case: "Eyes shining with child-like wonder, Toby addresses the mysterious gypsy": OK, Pablo, or Paco, or whatever the fuck they call you. Surprise us.

4 EXT SAGRAMONTE NIGHT. 4

Lightning forks across the sky. A car roars up the mountain - flashes past a sign pointing up towards a shrine: SAGRAMONTE

The road is narrow and treacherous. The car suddenly lurches - a wheel close to the edge!

5 INT GYPSY'S CAR NIGHT. 5 *

The GYPSY drives - exchanges hot looks with ANGELICA in the mirror... Meanwhile, next to her, TOBY wears a strange * expression... ANGELICA's hand has definitely begun to caress his thigh...

6 EXT SAGRAMONTE & RUINED CASTLE NIGHT. 6

The car rounds a bend. Headlights strafe a candle-lit PROCESSION making its way up the hill. Faces turn to watch - white in the car's lights.

They park up by a number of old buses and trucks. The engine cut. The GYPSY and ANGELICA emerge into the night air... a * light drizzle has begun to fall. TOBY hesitates in the car. *

TOBY *
What is this?

GYPSY
Follow me. *

Strange droning music echoes. The PROCESSION passes. A RAGGED * ASSORTMENT OF PEOPLE follow behind a beautiful, candlelit * Madonna. An OLD PENITENT crawls on her bleeding knees, a * CRIPPLED BABY is carried on shoulders. The sights make TOBY * nervous and uncomfortable. *

ANGELICA gazes at the flickering Madonna - touched by it. * Irritated, TOBY looks away and straight into the pleading * eyes of a filthy GYPSY CHILD. She offers him a sprig of * rosemary in her crippled hand. *

GYPSY CHILD *
Señor - a gift. *

TOBY *
No! Go away. *
(the child clutches at Toby) *
Don't touch me! *

ANGELICA drops her coin into the CHILD's hand. *

TOBY (cont'd) *
Now they'll all want something. She's *
faking. It's always the same cheap trick. *

ANGELICA *
It's pennies, Toby... *

TOBY *
Sure - keep them in the gutter. Every *
time you give - you put another nail in *
their miserable lives. *

ANGELICA shakes her head at TOBY - follows the PROCESSION. *

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

TOBY (cont'd)
I can't stand it! Those big spaniel eyes welling with tears! All that pleading! What do they expect me to do...?!

TOBY follows ANGELICA and the PROCESSION heads for the dark, shattered walls of a ruined castle where lights flicker from deep within. A generator chugs. A neon light hangs askew.

7 INT RUINED CASTLE NIGHT 7

The GYPSY leads TOBY and ANGELICA into the crumbling ruin. In the centre rise the dark walls of the keep. Religious icons lit by naked bulbs glitter in dark recesses. This is a world as far from the tidy, sanitized world of advertising as one can imagine. OLD AND CRIPPLED PEOPLE come to pray or just touch. ANGELICA is captivated.

ANGELICA
It's beautiful. Why can't <u>we</u> be this simple?...

Suddenly TOBY's phone plays it's Funeral March ring. ANGELICA gives him a dirty look. TOBY fumbles - switches it off.

TOBY
It's pitiful! Let's get out of here!

A toothless OLD CRONE thrusts glasses of a dark, thick liquor into TOBY and ANGELICA's hands. TOBY knocks back his drink - holds out his glass for a refill.

GYPSY
Orlando Furioso!

ANGELICA turns to see MEN install a strange, tortured statue of a crazed knight on a gold and silver foil altar.

ANGELICA
Wonderful!

GYPSY
He was driven insane by his great passion for one woman...

ANGELICA
Aah...

ANGELICA raises an eyebrow at TOBY who knocks back another drink.

GYPSY
Here we worship a Christian saint - and there - a madman...

ANGELICA
Salud!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

The GYPSY chinks glasses with ANGELICA - toasts Orlando. TOBY smirks derisively - turns to go. ANGELICA takes his hand.

GYPSY
Señor...

The GYPSY gestures for them to continue. ANGELICA encourages TOBY on with a little smile.

7a INT QUIXOTE'S TENT NIGHT 7a

Entering a jagged opening in the wall of the keep, the GYPSY pulls back a filthy curtain. Nothing. Just an OLD MAN sitting in front of an aged, painted cloth backdrop - a bad copy of Goya's painting of a colossal giant.

The OLD MAN wearily rises - emerges from the darkness. He is wearing bits of patched up armour, in his hand is a broken lance, and on his head is a barber's basin. He is a sorry version of the Don Quixote in the commercial. TOBY breathes a small laugh of recognition.

The GYPSY looks into TOBY's face - nods with a smile - this is his surprise.

The OLD MAN speaks in a tired, emotionless voice.

OLD MAN
My name is Don Quixote de La Mancha. I was born in a small village in the year of our Saviour, 1605 by the special will of heaven, to restore the lost Age of Chivalry.

TOBY
(to the GYPSY)
Nice try, Pablo, but ours is better.

TOBY gently nuzzles ANGELICA - whispers...

TOBY
Come on, let's get back to the hotel. At least you can get salmonella there.

GYPSY
Please, señor.

ANGELICA
(meeting the gypsy's look)
Ssssh! Stop. It's serious!

OLD MAN (cont'd)
I am 395 years old. It's not easy to live so long. But I cannot die. Perhaps if I could rid myself of my dreams...

7a CONTINUED: 7a

In the shadows, an OLD CRONE begins to play a creaky accordion. A sad, beautiful voice begins to sing.

A GYPSY GIRL steps forward from behind the backdrop. She begins to sing - sees TOBY - stumbles - loses her words.

ANGELICA snorts a laugh - gives TOBY a sexy little tug.

ANGELICA
All right, let's go...

But TOBY is transfixed by the GYPSY GIRL. She recovers herself - sings. Her song is haunting, simple, ancient.

ANGELICA shrugs - turns to see the GYPSY watching her. A moment, then she leaves alone.

GYPSY
Don Quixote's loyal companion was the peasant, Sancho Panza. Sadly Sancho died hundreds of years ago in keeping with a scientifically acceptable span of life. But on that glorious day of their first adventure he was alive and hungry as always!

The GYPSY leaves - follows ANGELICA.

TOBY can't take his eyes off the GIRL, who seems lost in a world of her own dreams as she sings her haunting song. But when he does, he finds the OLD MAN staring at him.

OLD MAN
The sun is burning like melting gold. We set out in search of adventure; a knight errant and his squire, riding through all the quarters of the world, our lives dedicated to the fight against injustice, the protection of the weak and the return of Chivalry...

As the OLD MAN speaks, we close in on his eyes - alive and fiery. TOBY is hypnotized. His attention is drawn to the bare light bulb. Moths flutter about it. As the voice and song continue the bright bulb becomes...

9 EXT FIELDS OF MONTIEL DAY 9

...A burning sun above a dazzling landscape.

DON QUIXOTE rides in with SANCHO PANZA on his tiny donkey.

DON QUIXOTE
Destiny guides our fortunes more favourably than we could have wished ourselves! Look, Sancho, my friend!

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

A peasant girl on a donkey laden with sacks is heading towards QUIXOTE and SANCHO.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
A beautiful princess on her resplendent charger.

A closer view of the peasant girl reveals her to be the GYPSY GIRL... still singing her song. She heads across towards a row of windmills on the hill.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
Dear God, she is in grave danger! We must save her! Those giants are almost upon her!

SANCHO
What giants?

We see SANCHO's face for the first time. It's TOBY! He looks confusedly from the GIRL to the windmills.

DON QUIXOTE
There, Sancho! There, their great arms have almost reached her!
Don't you see them?! Giants!... with arms six miles long!!

TOBY/SANCHO
Those are windmills...

10 INT QUIXOTE'S TENT NIGHT 10

TOBY stares. Spellbound.

TOBY
...just windmills...

TOBY stops, bewildered. He takes a long moment to register his surroundings. Everything is silent. The OLD MAN is looking intensely at him. The GIRL is smiling a sad, enigmatic smile at him.

OLD MAN
Open your eyes, Sancho.

Confused, TOBY stares back at them... slowly backs out of the cave.

11 EXT SPANISH HILLTOP DAY 11

Lightening rips through a dark stormy sky. Rain pours down. The wind howls. It is the next day and the COMMERCIAL CREW fiddles in its lorries and coaches.

TOBY stands under a tarpaulin with the DIRECTOR, the BOSS and the PRODUCER. He seems preoccupied - lost - not quite there.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

The DIRECTOR's a broken man. He stares miserably up at the windmill. It looks like shit - paint running, sails sodden.

PRODUCER
They said this was the one month it never rains - never ever. They promised!

BOSS
But <u>their</u> jobs don't depend upon their promises - do they?

A pause, then the PRODUCER panics, turns and runs pointlessly out into the rain - one way - then the other. Madness.

BOSS (cont'd)
Any thoughts, Tobe?...
(taking in TOBY's distracted state)
...Are you OK?

TOBY
(clearly not OK)
Yeah, yeah... Bob'll have something up his sleeve, right, Bob?

DIRECTOR
Fuck you.

TOBY
Listen - I've got to go. Got a plane to catch. *

BOSS
I'll see you tonight. You were probably right to be worried about the water. I think I'll stick with the alcohol.

12 EXT/INT TAXI ON ROAD TO AIRPORT DAY 12

In the back of the taxi, TOBY sorts through his case - looking for his tickets.

TAXI DRIVER
Sagramonte!

TOBY looks up. Through the window he sees a high mountain topped with a ruin shrouded in mist and rain.

TOBY stares - remembering his strange night.

A sign flashes past - pointing up towards a shrine: Sagramonte.

TOBY checks his watch - makes his decision.

TOBY
Make a right here. Derecha!

12 CONTINUED: 12

The DRIVER starts to protest.

TOBY (cont'd)
Aqui! Derecha! Aqui!

13 EXT/INT TAXI ON MOUNTAIN PATH DAY 13

The taxi skids and slides on the muddy path. A stream courses down the side of the track. Clouds swirl around them.

The taxi rounds a bend - swerves to the edge as a line of old trucks and carts come trundling down the mountain. TOBY checks his watch.

TOBY
C'mon, get round them!

With the DRIVER still complaining in Spanish, they slip and slide past the convoy.

One of the cars passes and TOBY glimpses the GYPSY of the previous night... The last battered van trundles past driven by the OLD CRONE who played the accordion. Beside her is the GYPSY GIRL. *

The back of the van looks like a wooden cage on wheels. Huddled inside, covered with an old, torn, flapping tarpaulin, is the old man. DON QUIXOTE. For a moment their eyes meet.

TOBY (cont'd)
Turn around! Turn back!

The DRIVER damns TOBY's eyes. It's impossible. The road is too narrow - ahead it widens in front of the ruined castle. *

Spinning around in the mud in front of the now deserted ruin, * the car speeds back down the mountain.

Suddenly, the DRIVER slams on the brakes. The taxi skids and slips into the rut along the track edge. Sheep! Hundreds of them! Blocking the road!!! No way past. They have to sit, trapped in the car, while the sheep mill about, bleating...

TOBY (cont'd)
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck you and fuck Spain!

14 INT AD AGENCY BOARDROOM DAY 14

A toothy all-the-colours-of-Benetton / CocoCola-we-are-the-world choir is belting out a singing anthem:

ANTHEM
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.
Black man, white man, Indian chief.
No matter how big, no matter how small.
Young and old or learning to crawl,

14 CONTINUED: 14

This is a video tape presentation at the ad agency. All eyes are on the eco-conscious CLIENT.

ANTHEM (cont'd)
We can save the world,
We're ready to fight..
Let's fix the world!
Let's make it right!

TOBY
(to the CLIENT)
Don't you love this? I think this spot might just be the best thing I've done.

CLIENT
It's a little... well, earnest, isn't it?

TOBY
You don't get it, do you. This is for real people - simple people - you know? The ones who suffer. I know these people! I've been among them!

CLIENT
It's just kind of familiar, you know...

TOBY
Listen to me - last night, in Spain, I... The point is, this campaign will reach millions. We can change things! We can make people think they have power!

CLIENT
I don't know...I just think it's... well... banal.

TOBY goes white.

TOBY
Banal?!!
(a long and frozen silence...)
I don't do banal!!

CLIENT
You don't?

TOBY looks crazed. He's thinking fast... Then... TOBY switches on a big, ingratiating smile.

TOBY
You guys are too sharp for me. It was a joke. Okie cokie... 'Fuck'.

TOBY rewinds the commercial.

CLIENT
Excuse me?

TOBY
Fuck. The word is fuck. Fuck - up.

14 CONTINUED: (2) 14

CLIENT REP
Wha...?

TOBY plays the commercial - sings along...

TOBY
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.
Black man, white man, Indian chief.
No matter how big, no matter how small...

TOBY conjures with his hands.

TOBY (cont'd)
And here we show the owner of a big factory - singing about how he has the emissions and toxic waste to do his part!

Exchanged glances - gauging - guessing - trying to catch the idea... whatever it is.

TOBY (cont'd)
(drowning out the video)
We can do the job, we've got the stuff,
We can FUCK UP THE WORLD!
We can treat it rough!

Blank looks. The CLIENT's jaw drops.

TOBY
Then we cut to a poor Brazilian peasant. He's got nothing but his dick, but he can do his bit to overpopulate the planet and it can even be fun! *

TOBY's inspired! TOBY's flying!

TOBY (cont'd)
Everyone of us has a part to play,
Let's FUCK UP THE WORLD!
We're here to stay!!

TOBY grabs the bewildered CLIENT.

TOBY
Everybody can take part in this GREAT BIG WORLD WIDE PARTY!!

Pause.

TOBY
Waddya reckon? That what you want? *

CLIENT
Think they'll get the irony?

15 INT AD AGENCY - HALLWAY DAY 15

ONE OF THE CREATIVE TEAM confronts TOBY.

CREATIVE
This campaign is crazy!

TOBY turns on the CREATIVE. He is suddenly very dangerous.

TOBY
What did you call me?!

The atmosphere is cut by a cheery voice - the company psychiatric counsellor, RUPERT, waves from his open office, the sign on the door announces CREATIVE TEAM GROUP COUNSELLOR.

RUPERT
Toby! Tobe...
(big smile)
Spare me a moment of joy?

Slowly, TOBY backs off the quaking CREATIVE. He turns with a bright smile.

TOBY
Sure, Roop.

16 INT DOORWAY OF COMPANY COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE DAY 16

RUPERT opens his arms. TOBY hates to, but he embraces RUPERT anyway. RUPERT clings on - won't let go.

RUPERT
Oooh! Oh! Toby! What's this I feel! What is it?!

TOBY
I don't know, Rupert, what is it?

RUPERT
Something here a little tense. A little problem - a little hard grain needing to be worn down - turned to dust - blown away on the wind...
(Rupert holds Toby at arms length)
How are you?

TOBY
My stock options are looking good... *

RUPERT smiles at TOBY's smile which is beginning to freeze on his face. *

RUPERT
I mean, in yourself, how are you?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

TOBY
It's shit.
(takes him to one side)
A word of warning; want to piss broken glass?

COLLEAGUE
What?

Toby nods at the good looking GIRL.

COLLEAGUE
Oh! Oh, right. I didn't know. Thanks, Toby. Thanks.

The COLLEAGUE legs it down the corridor. The GIRL joins TOBY. They dance a little way together - playing a familiar game.

TOBY
(brightness and light)
Sarah! How's it going?

MELISSA
(also brightness and light - but with teeth)
Melissa...

TOBY
Melissa...
(of course it is)

MELISSA
What did you tell him - that I was married or something?

Toby smiles warmly - slips his hand round her waist - draws her to him.

MELISSA
(knows his game)
I can't.

TOBY *
You can. *

MELISSA *
You know I can't. *

TOBY
You can. Don't force me to date Miss Palm * tonight. See you at 8. *

TOBY's secretary passes - hands TOBY a message. He glances at it. 'Call me. A.' A number. No name, just 'A'. Curious! He snaps his attention fully back on Melissa.

17 CONTINUED: (2) 17

TOBY (cont'd)
Stay.

18 INT TOBY'S OFFICE DAY 18

TOBY picks up the phone - dials the number. As he waits, he sets the Flamenco doll his boss gave him dancing. *

TOBY's office is filled with posters from previous campaigns: Princess Di Landmine Trust - eco-consciousness - A line of chained men stumbling across a barren landscape. Superimposed over is a huge black and white close up of manacled hands: **RELIEVE THE OPPRESSED! UNCHAIN THEM!**; Third world charity as business. There are rows and rows of strangely designed awards - as only they can be.

ANGELICA O/S *
Hello.

TOBY
Angelica?

ANGELICA O/S
Yes.

TOBY
It's me - Toby.

ANGELICA O/S
Yes...

TOBY
Got your message...

ANGELICA O/S
I just wanted to let you know that... well, it looks like I'm going to have to spend the whole of tonight all on my own - without any toys or anything...

TOBY
Right...

The line goes dead. The doll dances - shimmies her hips. TOBY is left hanging... * *

MELISSA trails in.

MELISSA
(coming round)
Well... maybe Chinese...?

TOBY
What...?

TOBY focuses on a storyboard for the Don Quixote commercial. A logline over the top reads: TO DREAM THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM.

18 CONTINUED: 18

MELISSA
How about Japanese?... *

TOBY'S SECRETARY puts her head round his office door.

TOBY'S SECRETARY
Toby. The boss just called. He's staying in Spain over night.

TOBY's face. He's decided. *

MELISSA O/S *
Italian...? *

19 EXT LONDON STREETS EVENING 19

TOBY roars through the gleaming streets on his motorbike. His helmet's a death's-head. Hell for leather!

20 INT BOSS'S FLAT - BEDROOM NIGHT 20

TOBY and ANGELICA are desperately tearing off their clothes - eyes glued to one another - grappling, stumbling, tumbling onto the big double bed - Hot passion! Suddenly, TOBY stops. *

TOBY
(madly running his tongue over his teeth)
Got any mouthwash?

TOBY heads into the bathroom.

ANGELICA
Mouthwash?!!...

21 INT BOSS'S FLAT - BATHROOM NIGHT 21

TOBY gargles - spits.

ANGELICA
What are you doing?!! *

TOBY
Just freshening up.

A quick blast from a feminine hygiene deodorant to the arm pits and he heads back into action...

22 INT BOSS'S FLAT - BEDROOM NIGHT 22

TOBY launches himself straight into ANGELICA.

ANGELICA
You all right...?

22 CONTINUED: 22

TOBY
(back on the job)
Yep. How's my breath?

ANGELICA
What?

TOBY breaths in ANGELICA's face.

TOBY
Gotta make up for lost time.

ANGELICA
Fine. Just don't stop - OK?...

TOBY fucks like a machine. ANGELICA goes with it.

ANGELICA
That's better. Good boy.

TOBY
I've been dreaming of this for ages.

ANGELICA
Sure you wouldn't prefer a little gypsy girl...

TOBY stops!

ANGELICA grabs onto him - pulls him back.

ANGELICA
No, you don't. Come on! This is what you need.

TOBY regains his concentration.

TOBY
Yeah, give me somebody else's bed any day.

TOBY's back... now he starts to enjoy himself...

ANGELICA
You're a bad, bad wicked boy.

TOBY's going at it.

TOBY
So, punish me!

Really, really going at it...accompanying his humping by humming the tune sung by the GYPSY GIRL in "Don Quixote's" tent, but now to a new beat.

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

TOBY senses someone else reflected in the brass bedstead:... Startled, TOBY twists round and sees a FIGURE at the foot of the bed. A car's headlights strafes the bedroom walls, illuminating the FIGURE and we see that it's the GYPSY GIRL. She smiles down at him. *

TOBY (cont'd)
Wha...?

ANGELICA slumps back on the bed in frustrated despair. *

TOBY (cont'd)
What the fuck...

The GYPSY GIRL turns and walks out of the room. *

ANGELICA switches on the light - gets a book out.

ANGELICA
I think there's a limit to foreplay, Toby.

TOBY is stunned, confused. He gets up and hesitantly follows the GYPSY GIRL out to the hallway. *

ANGELICA
(with false brightness)
Going to freshen up again?

23 INT BOSS'S FLAT - HALLWAY NIGHT 23

TOBY reaches the front door - nothing - no one. He hears a clunk on the other side. Peering through the distorting peephole TOBY sees the BOSS fumbling with his luggage and keys in the hall. He looks drunk.

Panic.

24 INT BOSS'S FLAT - BEDROOM NIGHT 24

TOBY charges back into the bedroom.

TOBY
It's him! He's back!

ANGELICA
What?!

TOBY grabs clothes, shoes - tries to get the stuff on - tries to find another way out. There isn't one.

TOBY's mobile trills - The Funeral march! TOBY panics even more - where the fuck is the phone?

ANGELICA desperately tidies up the room. The Funeral march plays - faster and faster.

24 CONTINUED: 24

ANGELICA
He'll kill me! What am I going to do?!

TOBY finds the mobile - tangled up in ANGELICA's bra. He tries to untangle the mess, switch off the phone and dress at the same time. He gives up, breathlessly grabs the remainder of his clothes, the bra snagged round his neck.

TOBY
I can't help you. Every man for himself.

TOBY grabs his motorcycle helmet.

25 INT BOSS'S FLAT - HALLWAY NIGHT 25

The BOSS has finally managed to get the right key into the lock. The door handle turns.

TOBY emerges from the bedroom. Only one way out.

Half dressed, TOBY sticks his helmet on his head - charges low to the ground. He rams the BOSS hard in the gut. The BOSS goes down in agony.

26 EXT STREET NIGHT 26

TOBY races out of the building to his bike. *

TOBY leaps onto the bike, fumbles for the keys, it roars into life and... stalls. TOBY can hear feet pounding behind him... or is it the blood in his temples? The bike won't start!

BOSS V/O
I'll kill you, you little bastard! Come back here!

A light comes on - blinding him - caught in the headlights of a car. The fucking bike won't go. Darkness again. TOBY beats on the bike, flailing blindly in tears of frustration.

A great roar is all around him. The bike lurches forward. Then stops.

DON QUIXOTE O/S
Get away, Sancho! The giants are upon you!

BOSS V/O
You're dead, you little shit!

The melee of voices ring in TOBY's head. Blinding light again. TOBY spins round. Great black flapping shapes loom above him - whirling, carving up the light.

TOBY
What the fuck is happening?!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

Desperately, TOBY flails at the bike which now has hair all over it.

DON QUIXOTE O/S
I'm here to save you, Sancho! Stand aside!

TOBY looks back and...

27 EXT FIELDS OF MONTIEL DAY 27

And there he is: DON QUIXOTE - astride ROSINANTE.

We are in the sun blasted landscape. TOBY is sitting, beating on a donkey.

DON QUIXOTE
Out of the way, Sancho!

Sancho? TOBY spins around and is blinded by the sun. The rays slice through great sails turning in the wind. He is at the base of several stone windmills. The machinery groans.

Don QUIXOTE lowers his lance and charges... straight at TOBY. The donkey shies one way, TOBY goes the other as Don QUIXOTE charges past - right into the windmills

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
Die, foul giant!!

DON QUIXOTE plunges his lance into a sail... and is hoisted high in the air to be snagged by the next sail as it comes around. Twisting and turning he hacks away with his sword.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
Admit defeat! You cowardly creatures!

The MILLER and his ASSISTANTS, covered in flour dust, rush out and are stunned to see an armoured knight spinning through the air, caught in their sail. Desperately they try to swivel the sails away from the wind. Don QUIXOTE whirls in the sky then crashes and skids down the sail, ripping the sailcloth loose, and landing with a great clatter on the ground in a heap of twisted armour and sailcloth.

As the MILLERS rush forward to help, DON QUIXOTE takes them for demons and begins to breathlessly attack them - flailing wildly from the tangle of sailcloth.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
Sancho! Lend a hand! Back, back... get back, you demons, enchanters - white spawns of Hell! Sancho, to my aid!

TOBY
What the fuck?!

27 CONTINUED: 27

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho! Sancho, help me!!

TOBY runs away.

28 EXT BARREN LANDSCAPE DAY 28

TOBY is scrunched down in a gulley still wearing his death's-head motorcycle helmet - talking fast - desperately holding onto sanity...

TOBY
Jesus! Okay, got to make sense of this. Take charge... get data...
(he presses a preset button on his mobile.)
Shit, no signal! Fucking dust hole!

TOBY pokes his head up - takes a quick look round. Back down.

TOBY (cont'd)
Looks like Spain... That's it! I never left. That fucking gypsy doped me!

TOBY climbs out onto a ridge - makes his hot, sweaty, way across a rocky, despairing landscape.

TOBY (cont'd)
Need to find a road. Good. Now you're thinking. Ah, here we go - a road...

TOBY climbs down to a dirt track that winds into the distance.

TOBY (cont'd)
Now we follow the road till we find a town or a passer-by... Look at that! Here comes someone now. It's just a matter of taking control - the world soon follows.

In the distance can be seen a cloud of dust heading towards Toby. It appears to be a horse-drawn carriage with outriders but, the closer it gets the stranger it becomes. The lead riders wear bizarre cloth masks with goggles. They are dressed in robes and carry parasols to ward off the sun. Following the coach are two fashionably accoutred, armed gentlemen. Toby hesitates - ducks behind a rocky outcropping. *

TOBY (cont'd)
Must be a fiesta or something. Some fucking Catholic Holy Day.

29 EXT DUSTY ROAD DAY 29

As the travellers approach the rocky outcrop, Toby runs out into the road still wearing his skull helmet.

29 CONTINUED: 29

TOBY
(shouting)
Hello. Hi! Hello... Stop, please stop. Whoah!

The coach and company halt. The leading masked figures react in terror at the sight of the walking death head, TOBY. One of them rips off his dust mask revealing himself to be a terrified MONK.

MONK 1
Please! Please! We have nothing of value. We are poor monks of the Order of St. Benedict.

MONK 2 slides off his mount and begins praying in the dust.

From the coach a richly dressed WOMAN peers out. WE RECOGNISE HER AS THE OLD CRONE WHO PLAYED THE ACCORDION IN DON QUIXOTE'S TENT.

WOMAN IN COACH
What's happening? Why have we stopped?

A chinless fop of a young man takes charge. He is the COUNT D'HERPES. *

COUNT D'HERPES *
Highwaymen! We're being robbed! Guard my betrothed. Don't let them see her. *

The WOMAN quickly draws the curtain across. *

TOBY tries to make the praying MONK get up. *

TOBY
No, no, no! You don't understand, your Reverence - Holiness! Whatever!

MONK 1
Oh God! I don't want to die! Please, don't kill me!

MONK 2
Please, please don't rape me!

TOBY
Rape you?

MONK 2 crashes into his mule which kicks out causing MONK 1's mule to rear spilling his rider in the dust. The MONKS scramble away. The horses are picking up the panic as well.

A young aristocratic woman leans out of the coach, curious. * It's the same actress who plays the GYPSY GIRL. *

29 CONTINUED: (2) 29

WOMAN IN COACH
Stay back, child, it's dangerous!

GYPSY GIRL
But, it's only one man.

The WOMAN firmly pulls the GYPSY GIRL back inside.

COUNT D'HERPES
Keep back, my love, there will be dozens more hiding in the rocks - waiting to slaughter us if we don't comply with his every demand.

TOBY
Listen to me everybody! Please! Calm down. Whoa there!

TOBY trying to restrain a panicky mule catches his reflection in a polished metal harness plate - sees his death head visage - pulls off his helmet.

TOBY (cont'd)
See - I am not some mugger, I'm not trying to rob you. I need your help...

The GYPSY GIRL pushes past the WOMAN again to see what's happening. TOBY LOOKS UP AND RECOGNIZES THE GYPSY GIRL FOR THE FIRST TIME...

GYPSY GIRL
You...

TOBY AND THE GIRL STARE AT ONE ANOTHER. CAPTIVATED.

The COUNT D'HERPES frowns his low brow - looks from the GIRL to TOBY...

TOBY (cont'd)
Just me. I'm alone, all alone...

Wham! Bam! The MEN and monks are all over TOBY, beating the living shit out of him.

The last thing TOBY sees is a MONK's big fist slam straight into his face! Black.

30 EXT ROCKY DEFILE DAY 30

A brilliant sky... Below, a line of bedraggled, heavily chained men make their way painfully up a sharp defile. They are accompanied by three mounted, armed guards. Occasionally, a guard cracks his whip across the back of a struggling prisoner. TOBY, what's left of his garments are in shreds, is clearly suffering more than the rest. He is definitely not cut out for life in 17th Century Spain. A whip is laid across TOBY's back.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

TOBY *
Ow! Fuck! That hurts! You asshole! Why am *
I being punished in this God-awful *
nightmare?!!... OK, fine. It's a dream. *
It isn't real. It doesn't hurt!

The whip comes down.

TOBY
Ow!! Jesus Christ!!

Another crack of searing pain!

GUARD
Don't blaspheme, scum.

As they stumble towards the crest of the hill, a silhouetted figure appears before them. DON QUIXOTE!

TOBY's face lights up. Without thinking he waves his arms about, shouting.

TOBY
Hey! Down here! It's me! Help!

The GUARD lays the whip across TOBY's back.

The hopelessly inadequate figure of DON QUIXOTE rides forward blocking the path.

DON QUIXOTE
I am Don Quixote De La Mancha - dedicated to chivalry and the protection of the weak!

GUARD
Whoa! No one make any sudden moves!

The GUARDS throw up their hands in mock fear.

DON QUIXOTE
You have nothing to fear from me - provided your intentions are honourable.

GUARD
Thank God for that! We wouldn't stand a chance, would we, boys?

The GUARDS shake their heads in pretence of fear. The GUARD snarls to the CAPTIVES.

GUARD
Rest!

The chained group flop down. TOBY tries to assess the situation - totally uncertain what to do. The GUARDS dismount.

30 CONTINUED: (2) 30

DON QUIXOTE
Tell me, sir, why do you lead these poor wretches in chains?

The GUARD looks DON QUIXOTE up and down. Behind him the PRISONERS begin to snigger at DON QUIXOTE..

GUARD
They're convicted criminals, condemned to serve the King in his galleys.

DON QUIXOTE
Have any of them ever done anything criminal to you?

GUARD
In those chains?

DON QUIXOTE
It does not seem right that honourable men like yourselves should be the executioners of your fellow men when they have not wronged you.

GUARD
It's a sad, sad world, isn't it...

DON QUIXOTE
(rising up in his stirrups)
According to the duty of my profession of knight errantry, I have no choice but to take these men under my protection. You will unchain them at once.

The PRISONERS and GUARDS cannot believe their ears. TOBY brightens up. The PRISONERS laugh. The GUARDS look suddenly mean.

DON QUIXOTE
Heaven has sent me into this world to relieve the oppressed! Unchain them!

TOBY
(to himself)
Wait a minute. I wrote that... *

GUARD
You just stopped being funny, old man.
(He turns his back on Don Quixote)
On your feet!

With sudden ferocity, DON QUIXOTE lunges at the GUARD with his lance and wounds him, knocking him to the ground.

DON QUIXOTE
Yield to Heaven's Command!

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3) 30

A moment of paralysed amazement... The GUARD looks at his own blood on his fingers...

GUARD
You stupid old bastard!

The OTHER GUARDS draw their swords and rush forward and attack DON QUIXOTE, but the PRISONERS trip them up with their chains. Grabbing keys from one of the fallen GUARDS, the PRISONERS unchain themselves and attack the GUARD battling DON QUIXOTE who, swinging wildly, manages to fall from ROSINANTE.

TOBY ducks and dives to avoid the violence all around him.

The GUARDS run for their lives. The PRISONERS hoot and howl and throw stones at the retreating GUARDS. PRISONER A fires a captured musket hitting a GUARD who crashes to the ground - dead. *

DON QUIXOTE picks himself up - shouting at the surrounding chaos:

DON QUIXOTE
Gentlemen! Gentlemen! You may show your gratitude by proceeding to the city of Toboso - present yourselves to my Lady Dulcinea with greetings from her Knight of the Mournful Countenance. Tell her blow by blow everything which took place on this famous day...

WHAM! A rock hits QUIXOTE in the head and he's mowed down by the rush of escaping PRISONERS.

One of the PRISONERS grabs DON QUIXOTE'S basin helmet and gives him a couple mean whacks to the head.

TOBY
Hey!

TOBY tries to stop the PRISONER and gets belted for his pains.

Grabbing whatever they can, the PRISONERS high tail it leaving DON QUIXOTE and TOBY bleeding on the ground.

DON QUIXOTE somehow finds the strength to lift his head in a pathetic lament.

DON QUIXOTE
Alas! Where are you, my Lady Dulcinea, that for my woe you do not moan?

DON QUIXOTE collapses. TOBY kneels and hesitantly tries to wipe the blood away from the old man's face to check the damage. Slowly, DON QUIXOTE's eyes flutter open.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (4) 30

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho! It's you, my loyal friend.

TOBY
I'm not Sancho. My name is Toby... Grosini.

DON QUIXOTE
That's nothing to worry about. As long as you're here, Sancho, all will be well...

DON QUIXOTE passes out.

31 EXT DUSTY ROAD LATE AFTERNOON 31

As the sun drops towards the horizon, TOBY stumbles along, leading ROSINANTE. Across the horse's back is splayed the inert, battered body of DON QUIXOTE. TOBY crossly swats away the flies.

TOBY
I know these dreams. It's like that TV series. I need to do a good deed - then I wake up - everything's back to normal... I just have to find a place to dump this old fart. *

Ahead is the silhouette of a country inn.

32 EXT SARACEN'S HEAD INN LATE AFTERNOON 32

A sign: A smiling, severed head - THE SARACEN'S HEAD.

TOBY bangs on the rough wooden gates.

TOBY
C'mon, c'mon. Open up!

As geese set up a cacophonous honking, the gates clatter and groan, pulled open by a sluttish serving wench - MARITORNES - (PLAYED BY THE SAME ACTRESS AS PLAYED MELISSA!) TOBY is caught off guard. He peers at the familiar face...

TOBY
Sarah? Melissa?! Thank Christ. *

MARITORNES
Maritornes. *

TOBY
What? Maritornes? Oh, cute. Listen, I need your help.... *

MARITORNES *
(seeing Don Quixote) *
Oh! Poor man! Bring him in. *

32 CONTINUED: 32

MARITORNES takes hold of ROSINANTE's reins - heads into the courtyard.

TOBY
Thanks. Listen, Melissa, you don't have your phone with you, do you?

MARITORNES
Phone? What is phone?

INNKEEPER'S WIFE V/O
What's going on?!

33 EXT SARACEN'S HEAD - COURTYARD SUNSET 33

The INNKEEPER'S WIFE hurries across the squalid courtyard littered with PEASANTS, MULETEERS, and TRAVELLERS. She belts an OLD MAN round the head.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE
Julio! Wake up!...
(seeing QUIXOTE)
Oh, is he dead? Dead people are bad for business. Get him out of here!

TOBY
Wait! Please, you gotta take him in. I'm trying to do the good deed here...

INNKEEPER'S WIFE
Take him away. We've got enough problems as it is; what with heretics, Jews, Muslims. Filth.

The INNKEEPER rushes up to them - flustering.

INNKEEPER
Please, my dear! Here's an opportunity to show what good Christians we are.

TOBY stares at the INNKEEPER - HE IS PLAYED BY THE SAME ACTOR PLAYING THE DIRECTOR OF THE COMMERCIAL!

TOBY
Bob...?

TOBY blanches - it's getting too mad - he slowly backs away.

DON QUIXOTE
(suddenly coming to)
What castle is this?

INNKEEPER
Castle?!

DON QUIXOTE weakly takes MARITORNES' hand.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

DON QUIXOTE
Divine Lady, it is indeed a happiness that you entertain me in your stately castle. I will eternally preserve your kindness in the treasury of my memory.

MARITORNES simpers. The INNKEEPER'S WIFE belts her.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE
Get him out of here before we all catch it!

TOBY continues to back away towards the gate...

INNKEEPER
(under his breath to his wife)
This could be a test.
(to Don Quixote)
Sir! Thank you for making fun of us. Being a good Christian, it gives me the chance to turn the other cheek!
(to Maritornes)
Fetch bandages!
(to TOBY)
You! He's your charge. Lend a hand.

TOBY shudders with frustration at not escaping. Behind him - through the open gate - a FAT PEASANT arrives on a donkey - (PLAYED BY THE ACTOR WHO WAS SANCHO PANZA IN THE COMMERCIAL)

34 INT SARACEN'S HEAD - ATTIC SPACE LATER 34

DON QUIXOTE, now bandaged all over with mustard plasters, lies on a hard, narrow bed of planks on an infested mattress in a crude kind of attic dormitory. TOBY impatiently watches over him - checks his badly scratched wrist minus his watch.

TOBY
Why are you doing this to me?
(Toby is bitten by a flea)
Ow! Dammit! I've done the good deed - isn't that enough?

Don Quixote is silent. Mule-like.

TOBY (cont'd)
It's something to do with the commercial, isn't it? You're pissed with us for not acquiring the rights or something. You want a cut?
(Don Quixote remains obstinately silent))
You know there's not any real merchandising on this one? No one's going to make a cent...

34 CONTINUED: 34

DON QUIXOTE
(very weak)
Sancho, my strength has deserted me... I have need of the Balsam of Frierbras...

TOBY
Look, I'd just like to get on with my life... You have need of the what?

DON QUIXOTE
The miraculous balsam cures all physical afflictions. It is why I have no fear of death. I carry the recipe in here...
(tapping his head)
Prepare me the concoction, Sancho. Do this good deed for me.

TOBY
...And then I'm free?... OK. It's a deal. But remember - it's one for you, one for me. OK?...
(Quixote is too weak to stir)
You don't have to sign anything. It can be a verbal agreement...
(Don Quixote is dozing off)
A nod would do. Just a nod. Then I'm gone... Is that a nod?... OK I'll buy that. It's a nod. It's a deal! OK! Here we go. What do we need?

DON QUIXOTE's eyes open - suddenly bright.

DON QUIXOTE
The first ingredient...

35 INT SARACEN'S HEAD - STABLES LATE AFTERNOON 35

Singing cheerily, TOBY gathers mule's piss in the stables - gingerly using finger and thumb in an effort to encourage the mule to give it up. He hears heavy grunting and braying.

TOBY looks up. A pair of eyes meet his. ESCAPED PRISONER A is hiding in the straw. But the braying isn't coming from him. He motions TOBY to be silent. TOBY gives him the thumbs up.

TOBY
(whispers)
I'm outta here. Good luck.

More braying in the darkness... MARITORNES is servicing a MULETEER in a dark corner - not a pretty sight. Two MULETEERS wait their turn. MARITORNES motions for Toby to join the queue.

TOBY
Gotta get some goose spit first.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

As TOBY walks away, the FAT PEASANT, carrying his saddle and pack out of the stable, passes behind him.

36 INT THE SARACEN'S HEAD - PIGEONNIER SUNSET 36

TOBY heads up some steep stairs. There is the sound of pigeons cooing from above.

TOBY
OK, now a soupcon of pigeon shit and I'm home.

TOBY opens a door to see the INNKEEPER on his knees, on a prayer mat, praying to Mecca. He jumps up, terrified, trying to hide the prayer mat.

INNKEEPER
...just cleaning this old rug. Oh-oh, there's another dirty spot. See.

The INNKEEPER beats the rug furiously. TOBY watches him carefully.

TOBY
Hey! No problemo, Bob. I saw nothing.

INNKEEPER
(grovelling pathetically)
Oh, thank you, thank you, effendi. If the authorities ever discovered we were Muslims we would be whipped or banished or castrated or worse!!

TOBY
What? Credit cards cancelled?

TOBY eyes the INNKEEPER angrily.

TOBY
Can we just cut the act, Bob. This is you, isn't it? This is your epic vision! Well, fuck you, I'm getting out of it!
(Toby shoves the foul smelling bowl to the innkeeper's face)
With this!

INNKEEPER
May Allah bless and protect you.

As TOBY turns to leave, the INNKEEPER's expression changes to one of evil cunning.

Toby hears a 'thunk'. He turns - sees the INNKEEPER wearing a twisted smile. What TOBY can't see is the quivering knife stuck in the beam just above his own head.

Suddenly there is a loud banging at the gates of the inn.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

VOICE OFF
Open up, in the name of the Holy Brotherhood!

A look of dread passes over the INNKEEPER's face.

37 EXT SARACEN'S HEAD - COURTYARD SUNSET 37

Three horsemen in black garb ride in... These are THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD - the cops. They have been riding hard. They mean business.

The INNKEEPER rushes into the courtyard - pulls out a large crucifix from under his shirt and displays it prominently.

The INNKEEPER bows and grovels to THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD nudging the reluctant MARITORNES to do likewise.

INNKEEPER
Welcome, Sir. Our honest Christian hospitality is always at the disposal of the Holy Brotherhood.

38 INT SARACEN'S HEAD - ATTIC SPACE SUNSET 38

DON QUIXOTE stirs - awoken by the noise in the courtyard.

39 EXT SARACEN'S HEAD - COURTYARD SUNSET 39

Meanwhile, the HOLY BROTHERHOOD confront the INNKEEPER.

HOLY BROTHER 1
A chain gang has been attacked. Vicious prisoners are on the loose. *

Terrified, TOBY slowly slips back into the shadows. *

INNKEEPER
If there are any criminals here, sir, you can count on us to help ferret them out.
(winking conspiratorially)
Perhaps we may even find a Jew or two into the bargain.

In the dark, TOBY listens nervously.

40 INT SARACEN'S HEAD - ATTIC SPACE EVENING 40

DON QUIXOTE looks around. A flickering candle throws light onto the wine-skins suspended from the roof-beams. DON QUIXOTE narrows his eyes...

QUIXOTE
Sancho? Ungh...

DON QUIXOTE'S P.O.V.: The wine-skins begin to transform into GIGANTIC FACES...

41 INT SARACEN'S HEAD - EVENING 41

Downstairs, the HOLY BROTHERHOOD with the enthusiastic help of the INNKEEPER are corralling everyone for a line-up. They are brutal and authoritarian. *

42 INT SARACEN'S HEAD - ATTIC SPACE NIGHT 42

DON QUIXOTE stares in fury at the transforming wineskins.

QUIXOTE
Sancho! Sancho, the giants! They are here!...
So, you would threaten this castle, would you, you fiends?!

DON QUIXOTE's hand slips down beside the bed to his sword...

43 INT SARACEN'S HEAD - EVENING 43

TOBY is stealthily edging up the stairs with Don Quixote's magic potion, trying not to be seen. *

HOLY BROTHER 1
Hey, you! Stop!!

TOBY spins. But, it's not him they want. THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD have spotted the ESCAPED PRISONER A - trying to slip out the back door. They drag him back into the room. The ESCAPED PRISONER A's eyes meet TOBY'S... * *

SUDDENLY there is a tremendous commotion from the room above. A stain of red liquid quickly spreads and begins to drip through the ceiling onto HOLY BROTHER 1's cloak.

HOLY BROTHER 1
Blood! Bolt the doors! Blood! Murder!

With drawn swords THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD charge up the stairs knocking Toby aside. *

HOLY BROTHER 3, struggling with the ESCAPED PRISONER A, brains him with his sword hilt and, leaving him in a heap on the floor, crashes up the stairs after the others. *

At the top of the stairs, THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD followed by the INNKEEPER, arrive to be met by gallons of red liquid gushing out from under a door. THEY KICK THE DOOR OPEN. * *

44 INT SARACEN'S HEAD - ATTIC SPACE EVENING 44

An old bandaged man in his underwear - DON QUIXOTE - slashes and stabs the wine-skins. Spouts of wine are shooting all over the room. * *

44 CONTINUED: 44

QUIXOTE
(to wine-skins)
Fiends of hell! Enchanters! Die and nevermore trouble the living!

For a moment the BROTHERHOOD stare fiercely... then fall about laughing at the old boy. The angry INNKEEPER begins to punch and kick DON QUIXOTE.

INNKEEPER
My wine! My wine! You bastard! My best harvest! You turd! I'll kill you!

TOBY rushes up to see THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD drag the furious INNKEEPER off DON QUIXOTE. The INNKEEPER'S WIFE arrives with a bucket of water which she throws over DON QUIXOTE.

INNKEEPER
(surveying the damage)
Jesus Christ Almighty!!!!...

HOLY BROTHER 1 *
(under his breath) *
Blasphemy...? *

All eyes turn onto the INNKEEPER. He freezes - falls to his knees in prayer. *

INNKEEPER (cont'd)
... Jesus Christ... thank you for giving me this opportunity to practice forgiveness, like a good Christian.

The BROTHERHOOD exchange glances - OK - he passed muster. The sweating INNKEEPER sighs with relief.

Downstairs, the ESCAPED PRISONER A has come to and bolts for the door. HOLY BROTHER 3 notices him. *

HOLY BROTHER 3
Stop him!

The HOLY BROTHERHOOD race down the stairs. Once again TOBY just manages to avoid having the potion spilt.

45 EXT SARACEN'S HEAD - COURTYARD EVENING 45

ESCAPED PRISONER A runs, vaults the wall, tumbles out of sight. *

With curses and threats to the INNKEEPER, the HOLY BROTHERHOOD mount their horses and scream for the old man, JULIO, to open the gates. The BROTHERHOOD gallop off in hot pursuit. *

There is a general gasp of relief from the patrons and staff of the inn.

46 INT SARACEN'S HEAD - ATTIC SPACE LATER 46

Toby, watching from the attic window turns to see the sodden and bloodied Don Quixote crawling back to his pallet. He is old and weak. He feebly waves his sword at the deflated wine sacks.

DON QUIXOTE
Dear Sancho, be sure to note every last detail of tonight's great adventure so that you might relate all to my Lady Dulcinea - should you ever meet.
(he lets his sword drop)
This victory of mine has gone some way towards repaying our host's hospitality. I feel certain he will appreciate our labours - given time. Everyone will sleep well tonight.

A thoughtful moment.

TOBY
They will...
(Toby offers the bowl of potion)
Now drink this shit.

DON QUIXOTE drinks.

DON QUIXOTE
A good deed well done, Sancho.

TOBY
So, can I go now...?

A beautiful voice drifts from the room below... the song sung by the girl in Don Quixote's tent - the girl who led Toby from Angelica's bed - the girl in the coach. Can she be here?

46A INT SARACEN'S HEAD INN NIGHT 46A

TOBY peers hopefully down the stairs...

He sees JULIO playing an ancient accordion. Mopping up the wine nearby, MARITORNES sings, not the GYPSY GIRL. But TOBY watches, caught by her heart-felt song.

The INNKEEPER'S WIFE, bustles into the room - clips MARITORNES across the ear.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE
Get back to work!

TOBY lingers for a moment. He turns back to speak to QUIXOTE... who is now soundly asleep. Resigned, TOBY heads for his own bed...

46A CONTINUED: 46A

Below him, the INNKEEPER glowers. (We hear a "thunk" of a dagger sticking in wood). *

47 INT SARACEN'S HEAD - ATTIC SPACE LATER 47 *

Darkness. The inn sleeps... Except for TOBY, scratching at bug bites. DON QUIXOTE mumbles his way through his dreams. * *

DON QUIXOTE
Dulcinea... Oh my precious Dulcinea... *

TOBY hears the creak of a board - slips down beneath his blankets... *

Feet make their surreptitious way up the stairs. Creeping past the fitfully sleeping DON QUIXOTE. A shadow crosses TOBY. A hulking form looms over him in the darkness. But it is only MARITORNES.

FAT PEASANT O/S
(sotto voce)
Over here.

Toby peers out - can make out the shape of a man motioning her to his bed in the far corner.

MARITORNES stumbles against DON QUIXOTE'S bed. He wakes. Thinking his dream has come true, he grasps her hand and tries to kiss it, at the same time trying to get to his knees to honour her in a proper and knightly manner.

DON QUIXOTE
My pure and beautiful Dulcinea...how I have longed for this moment... Oh thou most lovely temptation. Most beautiful charmer, I would give an empire for your embraces... *

Thinking that DON QUIXOTE is trying to appropriate his bit of tail, the FAT PEASANT grabs the girl's free arm.

FAT PEASANT
Hands off! I saw her first!

DON QUIXOTE, outraged, staggers up, grabbing for his sword.

DON QUIXOTE
How dare you!

DON QUIXOTE gets a vicious punch in the face from the FAT PEASANT. Falling backwards, his head strikes a heavy wooden beam with a nasty crack. He crumples like a rag doll and drops on top of TOBY.

MARITORNES
My God, you've killed him!

47 CONTINUED: 47

MARITORNES punches the FAT PEASANT. They begin to struggle. The FAT PEASANT claps his hand over her mouth.

FAT PEASANT
Shut up, cow! *

TOBY doesn't know what to do. The FAT PEASANT is getting very violent. This is looking like rape.

TOBY grabs DON QUIXOTE's sword, wriggles out from under his body and jabs at the FAT PEASANT's bare ass. The FAT PEASANT howls and spins round, eyes blazing with pain and fury.

FAT PEASANT (cont'd)
(pulling out a big ugly knife)
Die, you little turd! *

For the first time, TOBY gets a clear view of the FAT PEASANT'S face - and recognizes him as the actor playing SANCHO in the commercial. He stands petrified, unable to move.

The FAT PEASANT lunges. MARITORNES grabs his leg which pitches him forward - right on to the sword in TOBY'S hand. TOBY is so stunned that he can't release his grip on the sword as the FAT PEASANT staggers and twitches around the room until, finally, they come crashing down on DON QUIXOTE'S corpse. TOBY on top of the pile of death, nose to nose with the EX-FAT PEASANT.

All is still. MARITORNES crawls over to Toby and throws her arms around him. A creak from the stairs interrupts them. SOMEONE IS COMING!

They throw a blanket over the corpses and then dive under the covers of DON QUIXOTE'S bed. There they lie frozen as a stealthy figure enters the room.

It's the INNKEEPER.

Assuring himself that everyone is asleep, he tiptoes over to TOBY'S bed and, assuming the FAT PEASANT's corpse is TOBY, slowly pulls out a knife.

INNKEEPER
Maybe you have some difficulty sleeping my friend - worrying about our little secret. So... I help you.

The INNKEEPER plunges the knife into the FAT PEASANT's body. Again and again.

TOBY, terrified, peers out from under his cover.

Making certain "Toby" is definitely dead, the INNKEEPER leans over the body to listen for any sign of life. There is none.

47 CONTINUED: (2) 47

He turns to go but, a HAND reaches up from the body and grabs him by the arm.

DON QUIXOTE
Hold, base villain!

The INNKEEPER, fear stricken, struggles to pull his arm free. As he does so, the bloody body rises to a sitting position. With a shriek the INNKEEPER collapses in a faint.

Confused, TOBY slowly crawls over to discover DON QUIXOTE trying to get out from under the FAT PEASANT's bloody body.

TOBY
You're alive!

MARITORNES
(embracing both of them)
My heroes!

TOBY and QUIXOTE succumb to MARITORNES fleshy gratitude - wallowing in the sweet, innocent joy of being alive.

DON QUIXOTE
You see, dear Sancho! The Balsam of Frierbras means freedom from death!

DON QUIXOTE takes the bowl of Frierbras Balsam and drinks. *

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd) *
Just remember, if in some battle I've been cut in half (which happens quite often) all you have to do is to pick up the half that fell to the ground and very carefully - before the blood dries, put it back on top of the other half, which will be sitting in the saddle, fitting it on very tightly and neatly. Then quickly give me just two drops of that balm and, as you'll see for yourself, I'll be as sound as an apple. *

TOBY grabs the bowl. *

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd) *
Sancho! The Balsam is only for knights - *
not their squires. *
(grabbing the potion back)
One must be pure of heart!

TOBY
(not letting go)
I've earned my spurs! I just rescued a fucking maiden! Well, almost a maiden... *

TOBY wrenches the potion away from Quixote. *

47 CONTINUED: (3) 47

TOBY (cont'd) *
How many good deeds do I have to do? *

DON QUIXOTE *
Stop!!!

TOBY gulps down the foul potion. Despite the awfulness he manages a great big grin.

TOBY
I can handle this stuff. No problem. See? *
Shit, I'm a hero... *

And then it hits! His eyes widen and he opens his mouth like a goldfish. He clutches at his throat and begins to writhe.

TOBY makes a break for the door, but it's too late. Before he can pull it open he throws up all over it. He turns and staggers towards a window but on the way he clutches at his guts and doubles up in agony. He begins to emit loud farts.

TOBY staggers towards his bed where MARITORNES and DON QUIXOTE sit. They see him coming and dive out of the way.

TOBY is propelled beyond the bed by his farts and falls forward onto a bench, just in time to throw up all over the INNKEEPER who is just coming to. MARITORNES runs from the room holding her nose. The puke-covered INNKEEPER, seeing TOBY alive and emitting terrible noises and smells, frantically tries to escape but slips on the copious vomit, and spinning out of control, crashes down the stairs on his back.

In the sudden silence, TOBY remains barely standing - quivering... A last fart escapes. *

47A EXT SARACEN'S HEAD - COURTYARD DAWN 47A

MULETEERS and OTHER TRAVELLERS are milling around preparing their animals and carts. DON QUIXOTE steps into the courtyard, breathes in the good air - bright and ready for the day.

DON QUIXOTE
This will be a marvellous day for adventures. I feel it in my bones.

48 EXT SARACEN'S HEAD - CELLAR DAWN 48

MARITORNES struggles to heave the sheet wrapped body of the fat peasant into one of the giant storage pots that line the wall. TOBY looks like shit. Now he's a murderer! He grips the feet of the corpse - looks nervously round.

MARITORNES
Come on! Come on! Lift him!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

TOBY
This is mad! Someone's going to find him! *
I just know it! I'll get the blame and *
thrown in jail. I'll be stuck in this *
fucking nightmare forever! *

They drop the body down into the great vat of preserve which wells over. Onions, carrots and a leg of ham slosh out. *

MARITORNES
He's next year's pork. *

A loud braying sound startles them. The fat peasant's donkey wails plaintively at the top of the cellar stairs. TOBY runs up and grabs it by the nose to shut it up.

48A EXT SARACEN'S HEAD - COURTYARD DAWN 48A

Astride ROSINANTE, DON QUIXOTE prepares to leave the inn.

The INNKEEPER rushes out of the inn.

INNKEEPER
Where do you think you're going? You haven't paid your bill!

DON QUIXOTE
(mystified)
Bill?

INNKEEPER
Lodgings for you and your squire, sixty spilt gallons of wine, twenty torn wine skins, two ruined mattresses. A total of five Reales for devastating my inn! *

DON QUIXOTE
Inn? Is this not a castle?

A braying noise heralds TOBY's arrival - clinging to the back of the donkey with MARITORNES leading him.

TOBY
(desperate to escape)
No, it's not a castle. Just pay up and let's get out of here!

DON QUIXOTE
(laughing patronizingly)
Sancho, you have a simple peasant's understanding - so easily deceived.

INNKEEPER
This is my inn! I want paying, you moth- *
eaten old fool!

48A CONTINUED: 48A

DON QUIXOTE
It is not possible. Paying would mean breaking the laws of Knight Errantry.

TOBY
Please...just pay him!

DON QUIXOTE
At my side, Sancho.

DON QUIXOTE spurs ROSINANTE forward. MARITORNES thwacks Toby's donkey to send him on.

INNKEEPER
God damn your eyes! *

The INNKEEPER'S WIFE rushes out of the inn looking horrified and making 'shut up' signals to her HUSBAND.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE
Don't blaspheme!

INNKEEPER
Blasphemy?! They can burn me at the stake for all I care! It'll be worth it just to curse these bastards with my dying breath!

His WIFE claps her hand over his mouth. They struggle as DON QUIXOTE rides majestically through the gates with TOBY.

INNKEEPER (cont'd)
May Allah make you barren! May the infinite justice of the Divine Providence fall on you like a mountain of stones!
(sliding in to Arabic)
Christian demons! Infidels! Cursed Hebrew jinns! May...Allah strike...

A shadow passes across the INNKEEPER and his struggling WIFE. They freeze. There in the gateway, observing the spectacle, are the glowering figures of the HOLY BROTHERHOOD.

The INNKEEPER freezes - turns his full blown Arabic into a hacking cough which he then turns into...

INNKEEPER (cont'd)
Hgggh - Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee and... oh, fuck it... *

50 EXT SUN-BURNT COUNTRYSIDE DAY 50

The sun burns overhead. DON QUIXOTE and TOBY cross the plain.

TOBY pours sweat, his clothes still reek of vomit, flies buzz round his head. He keeps looking back nervously.

50 CONTINUED: 50

TOBY
They're going to be after us, now... *

DON QUIXOTE
Be steady, Sancho. Trust me. It may happen, that before we pass six days together, I shall conquer a number of kingdoms...

TOBY
We had a deal!

DON QUIXOTE
...And your loyalty shall be rewarded. I will crown you king of one of them. King! Such astonishing things often attend the profession of Chivalry.

TOBY
(wildly swatting at flies)
You've turned me into a murderer!! I'm being eaten alive! I'm starving! You shit! * *

DON QUIXOTE calmly pulls out a battered leather volume.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
I have here a rare volume of my exploits - written by the great Arab historian, Sidi Hamid Benengeli. A trifle florid, perhaps, but the essential spirit is there..

They inch their way through a great sea of sheep. SHEPHERDS on stilts stride around the edges of the herd, tending their flock. TOBY angrily muttering to himself, rummages in the pack for something to protect him from the flies and dust and blistering sun. He finds a wide-brimmed hat and a serape that he puts on. He looks more as one would expect Sancho to appear.

DON QUIXOTE read, oblivious.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
Once, as if in a dream, Don Quixote, that Knight of the Mournful Countenance, glimpsed his Lady Dulcinea. She was sitting upon the grass beside a stream before her crystal mansion, working one of those rich embroideries where silk and gold and pearls are strangely interwoven...

They pass the rotting carcass of a cow. Vultures tear strips of meat off the bones. TOBY falls into dark rumination.

50 CONTINUED: (2) 50

DON QUIXOTE
She looked up but once...

TOBY, frowning darkly to himself, nervously looks back... a cloud of dust...pursuing horsemen?

51 EXT A SCRAGGY LANDSCAPE MILES AWAY DAY 51

Running feet. Pounding hooves. The ESCAPED PRISONER is being run down by the HOLY BROTHERHOOD. No escape. HOLY BROTHER 1 reaches down from his horse and drags the cowering ESCAPED PRISONER A up towards his sadistic face. *

52 EXT RUINED CASTLE HIGH NOON 52

Sheltering from the sun under an old blanket, DON QUIXOTE, in his tattered underwear, is still reading from his book.

DON QUIXOTE
...And from that brief moment on, Don Quixote de la Mancha became free... from all fear of any mortal enemy and even of death itself.

He closes the book. Satisfied. They are encamped at the base of a ruined castle. TOBY frantically forages for food provisions in the peasant's pack.

TOBY
C'mon, c'mon, there's gotta be something to eat in here.

He sniffs uncertainly at something resembling a sausage...

DON QUIXOTE
Food, Sancho! Food to make a peasant's heart glad!

TOBY
Do you think you could drop the peasant stuff? What's this?

DON QUIXOTE
A conundrum! A riddle! I like a riddle! It is... a horse and cart! How's that?

TOBY
I mean what's in it?

DON QUIXOTE
(playfully)
Oh, what's in it? Oh, I don't know, Sancho... A goose?!
(He flaps his arms and honks like a goose)
Or perhaps a wild hippogriff!
(MORE)

52 CONTINUED: 52

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
(He hoots in imitation some weird and unheard of beast)

TOBY looks at DON QUIXOTE who rolls about laughing.

TOBY
You're mad, aren't you? Fucking crackers.

DON QUIXOTE becomes very serious.

DON QUIXOTE
It would be easier if I were mad, Sancho. It would be easier if I were allowed to be an old man. But I have a duty and am bound by honour and Code of Knight Errantry...

TOBY
Bullshit. Total bullshit. It's fantasy - stuff in books. Chivalry's dead and gone. Probably never existed anyway... *

Suddenly, a melancholic voice echoes around the walls.

VOICE OFF
Oh most beautious and most cruel-hearted maiden! Must you allow your captive knight to waste and perish in these endless wanderings. Spare me...

DON QUIXOTE and TOBY stop, look at each other, then cautiously creep along the ruined wall.

Peering into the ruins they see a fantastic sight. A KNIGHT - in full suit of armour made of thousands of tiny mirrors - slashes at the air - as if fighting an invisible enemy. The armour flashes blinding rays from the multiple reflections of the sun. With one sword stroke he slices right through a tree trunk. * *

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
Release me from your enchantment. *

A few yards away, near the KNIGHT's horse and two mules, is the KNIGHT'S SQUIRE who has a strange bushy beard and huge bulbous nose. By a medieval tent a dark, hooded MONK tends a portable altar. The perfect medieval scene - in the middle of what are clearly the same ruins known to us as Sagramonte. * * * *

DON QUIXOTE
Bullshit, Sancho?

The knight suddenly stops and drops to his knees, leaning on his sword as if in prayer

52 CONTINUED: (2) 52

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
What must I do dear lady? Is it not enough that I have forced all the Knights of Navarre, of Castille and even of La Mancha to kneel to your beauty.

QUIXOTE
La Mancha? I didn't kneel!

The KNIGHT springs up and puts his hand on his sword.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
Who's there?

TOBY tries to grab DON QUIXOTE - too late.

DON QUIXOTE steps out of the shadow of the wall.

DON QUIXOTE
A Knight Errant, Sir, accompanied by his loyal Squire, Sancho Panza...

TOBY
Oh, shit...

TOBY stays where he is.

DON QUIXOTE
Accompanied by his loyal Squire, Sancho Panza!

TOBY doesn't budge.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
Strange! Never before have I met a knight whose squire so insolently refuses to do his master's bidding!

TOBY
(waving)
Well, hello there.

The KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS motions for his SQUIRE to bring stools.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
Such disrespect would normally mean severe punishments - a flogging at least.

DON QUIXOTE
(thoughtfully)
A flogging? Interesting. How many lashes? A hundred?

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
A thousand would be lenient.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (3) 52

TOBY
(who doesn't like the way the conversation is going)
Sire? Master? Didn't I hear him say he forced all the Knights of La Mancha to kneel?

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
Indeed! My greatest victory was over the renowned Don Quixote whom I conquered in single combat.

DON QUIXOTE
Sir, I doubt if you vanquished the real Don Quixote. Somebody like him perhaps.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
For a full day and night I fought Don Quixote hand to hand, until finally, I bettered him, forcing him to submit and bow down to my lady.

QUIXOTE leaps up, hand on sword hilt.

DON QUIXOTE
You lie!
(throwing off his blanket to reveal himself resplendent in his old underclothes)
Behold, Don Quixote himself in person!

DON QUIXOTE draws his sword... which momentarily gets stuck.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
You doubt my word?
(slowly drawing his sword)
Let the conquered be at the mercy of the conqueror.

QUIXOTE
Agreed... Agreed and bound by the laws of chivalry.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
Agreed.

TOBY
This is ridiculous!

A SHORT TIME LATER:

At the far end of the ruined courtyard the powerful KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS is attended by his SQUIRE. Each item of gleaming armour, each weapon accessory is fitted with ritual care. The blinding sun kicks off the armour a hundredfold. The MONK blesses the KNIGHT as the huge black horse paws the ground - snorts plumes of steam into the burgeoning silence.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (4) 52

Down the other end, DON QUIXOTE, now in full armour, prepares. TOBY stares down the courtyard at the vastly superior adversary.

TOBY
You could get seriously hurt - you know that.

DON QUIXOTE
Wounds received in battle crown a knight with honour, Sancho. Thank your for your encouragement.

ROSINANTE's knees knock together nervously. DON QUIXOTE leans forward - cups a hand round her ear.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
Don't be afraid, my old friend. We have come through worse.

DON QUIXOTE ties a strip of material round Rosinante's eyes. The old horse stops quaking.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
You see - nothing to be afraid of at all. Dear Rosinante, think of green fields and beautiful mares. It will give you strength...
(to TOBY)
Make a stirrup with your hands, Sancho.

Unhappily, TOBY helps DON QUIXOTE up onto ROSINANTE.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
That's the way. Always be prepared to aid me - when mounting or dismounting. My lance!

DON QUIXOTE takes his lance.

The Knight of the Mirrors' SQUIRE steps away from him. He's ready to go.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
In the name of truth!

DON QUIXOTE
I entrust my heart to my lady Dulcinea!

DON QUIXOTE charges. Suddenly desperate, TOBY shouts.

TOBY
Wait! Stop! Whoa! What about me?! What happens to me?

DON QUIXOTE reins in ROSINANTE.

52 CONTINUED: (5) 52

The charging KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS skids to a halt in a cloud of dust.

TOBY (cont'd)
What are the rules about squires...? Our deal! I mean, if you get killed...

DON QUIXOTE rounds angrily on TOBY.

DON QUIXOTE
You coward! You snivelling, chicken-hearted peasant!

DON QUIXOTE furiously attacks TOBY with his lance. TOBY scrambles into the bushes for protection.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS is confused by the behaviour at the far end of the jousting field. He turns back to his start position.

TOBY gets entangled in the branches.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
You gutless, milk-livered, spunkless, pusillanimous Judas!

Wrenching himself free, TOBY sends a branch whipping back across ROSINANTE's rump. The horse bolts. DON QUIXOTE clings to the bony animal as ROSINANTE charges down the field - blind - totally out of control - a bat out of hell.

DON QUIXOTE bears down on the KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS who desperately wheels his horse round as...

DON QUIXOTE's madly waving lance smashes the KNIGHT full in the chest - violently knocks him out of the saddle. The KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS lands on the ground with a horrible crunch. Suddenly it's all over.

Despite himself, TOBY punches the air in victory - then realizes what he's doing... What is he doing?

ROSINANTE is whirling round in confusion while DON QUIXOTE struggles with the reins, his basin down over his eyes.

DON QUIXOTE
Squire! Sancho!

TOBY runs across - helps DON QUIXOTE dismount. DON QUIXOTE is panting hard after his exertions. TOBY keeps one eye on THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS who's rolling about on the ground.

TOBY
OK, no bones broken by the look of it. Let's get out of here...

52 CONTINUED: (6) 52

Instead, DON QUIXOTE draws his sword and lurches over to THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS scattering the SQUIRE and MONK who have come to his aid. He presses the tip of his sword to the KNIGHT's exposed throat.

DON QUIXOTE
Here, Sir Knight, is the truth. Yield to it. Or feel Don Quixote de La Mancha's sword shoved home to your teeth.

TOBY
(trying to grab QUIXOTE)
What the fuck are you doing?!

QUIXOTE pushes him away as the SQUIRE runs toward TOBY.

SQUIRE
Murder! Stop him, for heaven's sake!
(pulling off his false nose)
Sancho, it's me Thomas the barber. Your friend.
(Pointing to the Knight of Mirrors)
That's Senor Carrasco...

MONK
Don't let him kill Don Carrasco!

TOBY turns to see the MONK running towards them, desperately pulling off his costume, revealing a priest's collar and robe.

DON QUIXOTE
(to the fallen Knight)
I command you to go to Toboso, to pay homage to my Lady Dulcinea, and tell her of my exploits.

MONK/CURATE
(grabbing Toby)
Sancho! Stop him! Look, it's me...your priest. I married you and Teresa! I christened your son, Miguel...
(suddenly seeing TOBY in the light)
Wait a minute, you're not Sancho!

TOBY breaks free.

BARBER
But those look like Sancho's clothes...

CURATE
They are! What have you done with him?

QUICK CUT TO:

53 FLASHBACK: INT SARACEN'S HEAD - ATTIC SPACE NIGHT 53

The FAT PEASANT pitches forward... dead - the sword which TOBY has managed to impale him with, stuck in his belly.

54 EXT RUINED CASTLE HIGHER NOON 54

TOBY looks guilty. The BARBER starts shoving him around, the CURATE spits questions at him.

CURATE
Grab him! Don't let him escape! Tell us what you've done with Sancho!

Meanwhile, the exhausted and increasingly obsessive DON QUIXOTE is grilling THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS.

QUIXOTE
(pushing harder with the tip of his sword)
Yield!

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
All right, yes, I yield, I yield!

DON QUIXOTE
You promise to go to Tobosa - you promise to pay homage...

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
I promise!

DON QUIXOTE
You promise to tell Lady Dulcinea of my bravery...

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
I promise!

DON QUIXOTE
Of my courage...

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
I promise!

DON QUIXOTE
Of my... of my love...

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
On my oath, I swear!

DON QUIXOTE
Swear on your blood.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS pulls off his helmet. It's the same actor who plays RUPERT, the company psychiatric counsellor in the modern world.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
Yes! Yes! I swear on my blood! I swear! I promise!

TOBY manages to escape the BARBER's clutches - spins round to find himself staring at the defeated man - the man he knows as his counsellor.

DON QUIXOTE also stops in amazement.

DON QUIXOTE
Carrasco?! Don Carrasco?

DON QUIXOTE almost faints away, looks around - for the first time taking in the BARBER and CURATE.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
My good friends!? Is that you, Thomas? Curate?.. Why are you here?... Why aren't you at home in the village? What is happening..?

DON QUIXOTE is aware of the stillness and the silence. Everyone is looking at him. He is suddenly very old, confused and defeated. ROSINANTE gently nuzzles into his bony hand.

CARRASCO struggles to his feet - bruised and sore. The BARBER and the CURATE move in on DON QUIXOTE.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
No! Get back! Enchantments! Spells! I see your game! I know your treacherous deceptions!

They fall back from DON QUIXOTE who brandishes his sword, his eyes gleaming madly - afraid and dangerous.

DON QUIXOTE
I won't go! I won't go back! Keep away from me! Keep away!

DON QUIXOTE backs towards the trees - shouting at his persecutors - seeing them in every waving branch - whirling round - slicing the air with his sword.

TOBY stares at CARRASCO.

TOBY
Roop? Rupert? Thank God! It's you, Roop, isn't it?

CARRASCO
My name is Don Raphael Carrasco.

54 CONTINUED: (2) 54

TOBY
(carefully judging the game)
Right... but you're here to help me out of this, aren't you...?

CARRASCO
I am a doctor of the mind - a university graduate.

TOBY opens his arms to embrace CARRASCO.

TOBY
Roop! Oh, Roop!

CURATE
Watch him! Watch him!

The BARBER and the CURATE grab TOBY.

TOBY
You're my shrink. Right?

CARRASCO
Huh. I shrink at nothing. But, I think I understand your confusion.
(removing his armour - as he does, TOBY is reflected hundreds of time in it)
This kind of madness distorts the ether - shifts the reality of the Humours. It affects all of us. It is contagious...
(indicating for the CURATE and BARBER to let TOBY go)
It's all right. I'm sure he won't hurt us.

In the background, the deranged DON QUIXOTE can be heard screaming and hacking at the trees.

CARRASCO (cont'd)
(intimately to TOBY)
One has to play up to his fantasies to win him back... to get him safely home... to his village... before he causes more damage. That's why this ridiculous fancy dress...
Think of him as a dangerous child, that's what we're dealing with...

TOBY
Now I get it. Definitely gotcha, Roop - sorry, Don Carrasco...

CARRASCO puts a friendly arm around his shoulders - guides him away from the Barber and Curate.

54 CONTINUED: (3) 54

CARRASCO (cont'd)
I see you've already convinced him that you are Sancho Panza. Perhaps, with your help, I can cure him.

The BARBER and the CURATE are whispering heatedly to one another.

BARBER
We want to know what he's done with Sancho!

CARRASCO
(ignoring the BARBER)
Together, we can break this nightmarish spell. Will you help me? *

TOBY meets CARRASCO's earnest look... he hesitates... *

CARRASCO (cont'd)
So we can <u>all</u> go home.

TOBY
Me too? You can do that?

CURATE
(shouting to CARRASCO)
Don't trust him!

CARRASCO
Do we have a deal?

TOBY
I think we do, Roop. What do you want me to do? *

55 EXT BARREN LANDSCAPE DAY 55

TOBY leads DON QUIXOTE up into dark forbidding mountainous country. * *

CARRASCO V/O *
High in the mountains, there is a disused mill - just beyond the crossroads - here... Draw Don Quixote to this place... * * * *

A crudely drawn map in TOBY's hands. *

TOBY *
(looking surreptitiously at his map)
Come on! There's a famously enchanted mill just up ahead...

DON QUIXOTE *
(mumbling to himself)
Those enchanters blind your eyes with their mirrors...mirrors inside mirrors! * * * * *

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

TOBY
...could be just the place to get our hands up to the elbows in some extraordinary adventure...eh? *

DON QUIXOTE is distracted - but re-building his confidence by leaps and bounds.

DON QUIXOTE
It never ceases to amaze me what they can do, Sancho! To change the outward * appearance of that demon knight into that of my good friend, Carrasco! Perhaps they've created another Don Quixote out there - another Sancho. Evil duplicates of ourselves sowing lies and deceit.

TOBY
What if they were who they said they were?

DON QUIXOTE
Never doubt, Sancho! That's what the enchanters want! We must believe in ourselves at all costs, Sancho! It is our story and not some pretender's.

Suddenly, TOBY's donkey shies as a black bird flaps up in front of it. Lying beside the path is a horror: the rotting corpse of a mule being pecked at by a flock of crows. TOBY tries to turn his donkey away but the donkey bucks and TOBY is thrown - onto the rotting mule. The birds scatter, shrieking.

TOBY
Jesus God! Help me!

DON QUIXOTE
It is only a dead mule, Sancho. Leave it alone. We can eat later.

TOBY flails about trying to get off the stinking meat and bones but, in doing so the rotting saddle bags split open and out cascade gold coins. Gold amongst the putrid guts!

TOBY examines one of the coins - eyes alight.

TOBY
Gold. Real Spanish gold!

TOBY goes to yell after DON QUIXOTE - changes his mind.

TOBY (cont'd)
No, forget it. He won't have a clue what these are worth in today's market.

55 CONTINUED: (2) 55

Ahead, DON QUIXOTE obliviously disappears around a corner. TOBY scrabbles up as much of the gold as he can - stuffs it inside his clothes.

TOBY stops dead...A song echoes among the rocks... We have heard the song before - sung by the GYPSY GIRL. That song... but now made deep, eerie and other-worldly...

TOBY deliberates... then scrambles down the slope through the underbrush.

56 EXT BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL DAY 56

TOBY is astonished to see: A beautiful cascading waterfall. A white stallion calmly drinking from the pool.

The singing stops. Nervously TOBY looks around. He grabs a fallen branch for a club.

The singing begins again - echoing - seeming to come from the waterfall itself. The horse nudges TOBY forward. What magic is this? TOBY makes his way towards the curtain of water...

57 INT CAVERN BEHIND WATERFALL DAY 57

TOBY enters a vast, dark cathedral of a cavern. Craggy walls dance with light and the uncanny song echoes...

With a crunch, great boots appear in the foreground.

TOBY ducks for cover. A giant? He tightens his grip on his club. From his hiding place, TOBY sees a YOUNG MAN step towards a spray of water showering down from the cavern roof. Stepping under the water, he takes his hat off, a cascade of golden hair tumbles out. It's a GIRL. She pulls her shirt up over her head - the water cascading over her body.

TOBY
Natural Moonlight shampoo campaign. Art Direction Premier Award, '82. Am I right?

The GIRL spins around clutching her shirt to her chest... It's THE GYPSY GIRL! Her name is ALTISIDORA. Seeing TOBY, she tries to scramble away.

TOBY (cont'd)
Wait! It's OK. I'm not going to hurt you.

ALTISIDORA - grabs her sword lying on a rock - faces TOBY.

TOBY (cont'd)
(putting down his club)
It's all right - it's OK - really.

ALTISIDORA
O-K? It is not...O-K. Move up wind. You stink of rotting flesh.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 57

ALTISIDORA (cont'd)
(Toby's face catches the light - Altisidora suddenly smiles)
Where's your band of cut-throats?

TOBY
Cut-throats. No, no, no, you've got me wrong. I'm not a thief. I'm an advertising executive - a copywriter. That's what I do. That's who I am.

ALTISIDORA thinks about that one.

ALTISIDORA (cont'd)
Ah... and I am Altisidora, niece to the Duke de la Luna y Villahermosa.

TOBY gazes up at ALTISIDORA. In love.

BANG! DON QUIXOTE sends him sprawling.

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho! Kneel before a lady! Forgive him, gracious madam, he is an ignorant peasant who knows no better! I am Don Quixote de La Mancha - at your service.

DON QUIXOTE bows elaborately. TOBY lifts his face out of the oozing mud.

58 EXT BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL DAY 58

Behind a rock, TOBY washes in the freezing stream.

A little way off, at the base of the waterfall, ALTISIDORA sits with DON QUIXOTE at her feet. It is like a rural throne with ALTISIDORA as queen. DON QUIXOTE tries to stop his eyes straying down her blouse.

ALTISIDORA
My uncle has promised my hand to the Count D'Herpes against my will... Is it just that I should be forced into marriage for reasons of political expediency?

DON QUIXOTE
You are wise, Miss, so very wise. Such an old head on one so young - if you would permit me to say so...

TOBY V/O
Her head looks young enough to me, Don.

DON QUIXOTE taps his head despairingly at ALTISIDORA.

DON QUIXOTE
(whispers)
A rustic.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

DON QUIXOTE can't stop his eyes taking a dive down ALTISIDORA's blouse...

TOBY V/O
I heard that!

DON QUIXOTE
Such ears! Perhaps you have caught something from your donkey.

DON QUIXOTE laughs loudly. ALTISIDORA continues with her tale.

ALTISIDORA (cont'd)
So I dress as a boy and escape in my quest for true love... Am I wrong, Sir Knight?

DON QUIXOTE is caught by ALTISIDORA's intense look...

DON QUIXOTE
Take care, dear lady, true love is not the path to freedom. She is a cruel jailer...

TOBY appears...

TOBY
Bullshit. She should be free to do whatever she wants.

ALTISIDORA's eyes light up at the sight of TOBY.

ALTISIDORA
How pretty. You smell better too.

TOBY
Well - a good soak in The new improved Mother Nature's creme de bain with essential oils of drowned rat and trout, followed by a little roll-on and a splash of Jungle Spice apres raisage... and a man's a man again!

ALTISIDORA
You are very, very O-K now. Very much the Ad-vert-ising Exec-utive Copy-writer.

DON QUIXOTE
Copy-hood Viper?

TOBY
You're looking at the man who got the nuns of Santa Teresa to sing the heavenly joys of organic cheese spread!

58 CONTINUED: (2) 58

DON QUIXOTE is trying to follow their conversation - irritated at being excluded. *

ALTISIDORA
Alchemy! You conjure golden dreams from base reality! Enchanting! *

TOBY *
That's me. An enchanter!

DON QUIXOTE narrows his eyes at TOBY - reaches for his sword.

DON QUIXOTE *
An enchanter, Sancho...? *

TOBY
(in a moment of insane inspiration)
Ah..no, no, not an enchanter...a Chanter. A Canter. Eddie Canter!
(singing madly
"Swannie, Swannie..."
(he grabs a handful of mud and smears it over his face)
"...How I love ya, How I love ya! My dear ol' Swannie...!!"

DON QUIXOTE frowns doubtfully at TOBY...

...ALTISIDORA - also doubtful - rises.

ALTISIDORA
I must leave, now.

TOBY
Now?

DON QUIXOTE
Stay, Lady. It's late.

TOBY and DON QUIXOTE are thrown into panic at the thought of being left alone again. ALTISIDORA crosses to her horse.

TOBY
Where are you going? You can't go alone. * It's dangerous. I'll take you.

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho, the Lady needs a true escort - a knight! Step aside, Sancho! Allow me...

TOBY
Here, let me...

DON QUIXOTE and TOBY struggle to help ALTISIDORA onto her horse. Their helping hands are all over her.

58 CONTINUED: (3) 58

DON QUIXOTE
Don't touch her, Sancho!

TOBY
What're you talking about - I'm helping her!

DON QUIXOTE knocks him away.

DON QUIXOTE
You touched her! With your filthy thick peasant hands!

TOBY
Who are you calling filthy?! You're the dirty old man!

DON QUIXOTE
How dare you! I should thrash you for that!

ALTISIDORA reacts badly to QUIXOTE's harsh treatment of TOBY. She spurs her horse and leaves. *

A key falls from ALTISIDORA's belt.

DON QUIXOTE and TOBY stop their brawling. DON QUIXOTE turns thoughtful. * *

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd) *
Did you see the look in her eyes? Her yearning? She is prepared to abandon her birth right - even betray her sex - in order to tread true love's thorny path... Is my love for Dulcinea as all-consuming? What do you think? Perhaps I've slipped a little... * * * * * * * *

TOBY sees the key Altisidora dropped. He retrieves it - wipes off the mud to reveal a Saracen's Head! * *

DON QUIXOTE suddenly pulls off his shirt - grabs up handfuls of branches - begins to beat himself. *

DON QUIXOTE
I am Orlando Furioso! I shall tear up trees with my bare teeth! I shall smash houses with my fists! Sancho! Am I mad? Am I as crazed as Orlando? Tell me! *

TOBY looks distractedly at the old lunatic. * *

TOBY *
If that's what you want - yes. *

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (4) 58

DON QUIXOTE *
(breathless) *
Thank God! If I can be this crackbrained *
without cause, just imagine how *
crackbrained I'd be with.

TOBY *
(checking his gold coins - his
thoughts elsewhere)
Any particular reason? *

DON QUIXOTE *
Why, so that Dulcinea understands just *
how utter my love is for her.

TOBY
Brilliant! Well, good luck!

TOBY turns on his heel - goes to his donkey. He sets off after Altisidora. Behind him, DON QUIXOTE laughs - whirls round and round - whipping himself with even more gusto.

SCENES 59/60 DELETED

61 EXT SARACEN'S HEAD INN NIGHT 61 *

Muddy-faced TOBY bangs on the gates of the inn.

62 EXT SARACEN'S HEAD - COURTYARD NIGHT 62

TOBY is graciously greeted by the old man, JULIO, now an elaborately uniformed flunky. Toby looks perplexed. *

JULIO
Welcome back, sir. New management. *

63 INT SARACEN'S HEAD NIGHT 63

TOBY enters the inn. It's bustling with warmth and activity. BEAUTIFUL GIRLS line the walls, others ply the customers. Music plays. The place has become a classy brothel.

TOBY sees MARITORNES - cleaned up and looking great. * MARITORNES puts an arm round TOBY - guides him through. *

MARITORNES
My hero! Come in!! Look what you have *
done for Maritornes! *

TOBY *
Me...? *

MARITORNES *
You and the old man. Where is he? I want *
to thank him. I have two nice fresh girls *
for him. Very clean. *

63 CONTINUED: 63

TOBY
I'm looking for someone...

MARITORNES shrugs - resignedly gestures to her GIRLS.

MARITORNES
One of them?

Toby shakes his head, no.

MARITORNES
Hey, what happened to you? Come on, I clean you up...

LATER:

Gypsy music starts up. TOBY looks up to see a couple dancing a hot erotic dance...

MARITORNES sets down a plate of steaming phallic food in front of a cleaned up TOBY. She squeezes in beside him - her paws all over him.

MARITORNES (cont'd)
What do you think of this place now Maritornes is in charge?

TOBY peers round MARITORNES. To his surprise he sees that one of the dancers is ALTISIDORA - still dressed as a boy - dancing with one of the girls.

ALTISIDORA throws a smouldering look over her shoulder - straight at TOBY. She glances across to MARITORNES pawing TOBY - then she turns and heads out the door.

TOBY escapes MARITORNES' sweaty embrace - follows ALTISIDORA, leaving MARITORNES high and dry.

64 EXT THE SARACEN'S HEAD - COURTYARD NIGHT 64

TOBY enters the quiet, mysterious courtyard.

No sign of ALTISIDORA.

Suddenly, hands go over TOBY's eyes. He's spun round and into ALTISIDORA's embrace. Still in her boy disguise, she kisses TOBY madly.

ALTISIDORA
You found me! I knew you would!
(she kisses and kisses him)
Tell me about the Natural Moonlight shampoo.

TOBY
The what?!

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

ALTISIDORA
(nuzzling him, she breathes every word like it's a spell)
Campaign '82. The new improved Mother Nature's creme de bain with essential oils... You see - I remember every word.

Across the courtyard, MARITORNES looks out. She sees TOBY kissing what looks like a very pretty boy.

MARITORNES
Boys! I should have guessed.

ALTISIDORA draws TOBY to a quiet corner of the courtyard.

ALTISIDORA
The singing nuns and the organic cheese spread! I have been dreaming of your world. I want to go there...

TOBY
It isn't quite that simple...

ALTISIDORA
...with you - where I can be free...

TOBY
Yes... but it's still a place with rules... there's, well, visas... and immigration quotas...

ALTISIDORA draws back a little - watches TOBY carefully.

ALTISIDORA
What spells has that old man used to imprison you? Why do you let him treat you like he does? You are not a peasant!

TOBY
Try telling him that...

ALTISIDORA
I hate him! We must swear an oath - we must promise to free one another! Be my knight errant and rescue me!... Do you think I'm mad?

TOBY
I hope not.

ALTISIDORA's eyes focus on something behind TOBY. He follows her look to a waiting FIGURE in the shadows.

ALTISIDORA
Promise me! Swear!

ALTISIDORA gives TOBY a long, passionate kiss.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2) 64

She runs away toward the waiting FIGURE. Light falls across his face and we see that it is the GYPSY who long ago led TOBY to DON QUIXOTE's tent - now in period dress. *

TOBY
Wait... *

TOBY starts to go after her... A heavy hand descends onto his shoulder! It's the BARBER and CURATE.....and CARRASCO.

BARBER
Let the boy go!

CURATE
We burn perverts round here.

BARBER
Where were you? We waited!

TOBY
Fuck off!

CURATE
Where is Don Quixote?! *

BARBER
What have you done with him?

TOBY starts forward - bounces into MARITORNES.

MARITORNES
Settle up! I've seen you and the old man in action before.

CURATE
"In action"??!!...

TOBY
OK, alright, here...

As ALTISIDORA and the GYPSY ride out through the gates, TOBY hurriedly tries to find his money. He pulls out his handkerchief and his pile of gold coins spin to the ground.

BARBER
Where did this gold come from?!! *

CARRASCO picks up one of TOBY's coins - weaves it deftly across his fingers. He's cool and calculating.

CARRASCO
Don Quixote is alive and well, isn't he? *

TOBY *
(scrabbling for his gold coins) *
These are mine. I found them.
The old man's fine...

64 CONTINUED: (3) 64

TOBY pockets the gold coins. CARRASCO continues to play with the coin he retrieved.

CARRASCO
Then you'll take us to him. We have an agreement, remember. You do want everything to end well, don't you?

TOBY
Fuck off. Find him yourself.

TOBY shoves the threesome back - heads after ALTISIDORA. BOOM! Through the main gates charge the HOLY BROTHERHOOD. TOBY stumbles back in the face of hellish crashing hooves.

HOLY BROTHER ONE reads from a warrant.

HOLY BROTHER 1
I have here a warrant for the arrest of the madman, Don Quixote de La Mancha - and all his accomplices. This evil shall be rooted out and purged! *

TOBY meets CARRASCO's look.

65 INT CAVERN BEHIND WATERFALL DAWN 65

DON QUIXOTE sleeps like a child beside the subterranean lake. Weird shadows against the curtain of waterfall - hazy DAWN CREATURES filter with the light to loom over DON QUIXOTE. He wakes - his eyes still dreaming. Emerging from the blackness around him is a crowd of HOBGOBLINS and MONSTERS. A strange owl-headed, claw-footed, beak-nosed GANG in dunce hats and capes and masks assembled from kitchen utensils: colanders, pots, funnels, crockery etc. swirl around him. They speak with Punch-like swizzles in their throats. *

OWL-HEAD
Don Quixote de La Mancha! Deliver us!

BEAK-NOSE
Free us, purge us, Don Quixote!

OWL-HEAD
We have need of a saviour! *

CLAW-FOOT
We have been enchanted, Don Quixote!

DON QUIXOTE
I am at your command! I am at war with all enchanters who fill our eyes with lies and despair! I am yours! *

In a shadowy corner, TOBY watches - shamefacedly as the GANG OF HOBGOBLINS swirl dizzyingly around DON QUIXOTE.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

OWL-HEAD's disguise slips and we see that it's CARRASCO.

OWL-HEAD/CARRASCO
We can only be saved by a knight captured in his sleep.

CLAW-FOOT
And taken to our castle against his will.

DON QUIXOTE
Against his will?! Then, let me say most emphatically, that I do not wish to go.

BEAK-NOSE
Bless you!

CLAW-FOOT
Our saviour!

66 EXT BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL DAWN 66

QUIXOTE is dizzily thrust into a wooden cage on the back of an ox cart.

DON QUIXOTE
To free you, I am ready to endure whatever unbearable hardships and dangers are hurled in my path...

The bars are slammed shut. CARRASCO pulls off his disguise - thrusts his face between the bars.

CARRASCO
You mad old fool! Do you have any idea how your lunacy reflects on us?! How much danger you put us all in? You beetlehead! You lackwit! You crack-brain...

TOBY puts a hand on CARRASCO's shoulder.

TOBY
Hey!

CARRASCO
(seething with rage)
This is nothing to do with you!

The BARBER and the CURATE have pulled off their masks.

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho! What is happening?

TOBY faces the old man through the bars.

TOBY
They're taking you back to your village. You'll be safe there.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

DON QUIXOTE
I'll die there...

TOBY hasn't got any words. He stares into DON QUIXOTE's desperate eyes... Then DON QUIXOTE nods sagely...

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
Ah, now I understand. You have a plan, Sancho. Very clever. Thank you, my friend! You are very clever for a peasant.

DON QUIXOTE winks at TOBY.

TOBY turns on CARRASCO.

TOBY
This isn't right!

CARRASCO
We had a deal! It's done. Now you can go back to wherever you came from.

CARRASCO flips a coin to him. DON QUIXOTE sees it from the cage, drops his smile and slumps into despair - betrayed.

The BARBER whips up the oxen and the cage trundles away.

TOBY
No, wait! Stop! Wait!

TOBY runs after the trundling cage. Suddenly, the roar of a diesel engine...

TOBY
Stop! Wait!

WE SEE AN IMAGE WE'VE SEEN BEFORE:

The back of a diesel truck that looks like a wooden cage on wheels. Huddled inside, is DON QUIXOTE...

67 EXT/INT TAXI ON MOUNTAIN PATH DAY 67

TOBY is in a taxi. DON QUIXOTE in the back of a battered truck - the last in a convoy of battered trucks and carts.

TOBY
It's him! Faster!

The DRIVER damns TOBY's eyes.

The wheels are over the edge. The DRIVER slams on the brakes. Too late! The taxi is out of control!

TOBY (cont'd)
Fuck! Fuck!

67 CONTINUED: 67

The taxi spins into oblivion. TOBY covers his head.

TOBY (cont'd)
Fuck you and fuck Spain!

BOOM! Darkness... The sound of a distant telephone.

68 INT HOSPITAL ROOM DAY 68

An electronic cardiogram blips. Whispers.

VOICE OFF
He's coming round.

VOICE OFF 2
Welcome back, Toby.

TOBY opens his eyes to brilliant white light. His BOSS's face moves across the white light bulb. He looks down like a vengeful god.

BOSS
You've been a very naughty boy, Toby.

His BOSS smiles.

BOSS (cont'd)
Worrying us all like that.

TOBY is bandaged and bruised. He sniffs. An IV drip feed leads to a bottle - the pharmaceutical brand name reads: FRIERBRAS.

TOBY
What's that smell?

A NURSE in her brilliant white uniform joins Toby's BOSS.

NURSE
I can't smell anything.

TOBY
That's what I mean...

NURSE
You might feel a bit strange - concussion.

BOSS
You're in hospital.

NURSE
You were hit by a car.

BOSS
Just round the corner from my apartment. You're a lucky man.

68 CONTINUED: 68

TOBY stares at his BOSS's face - what does he know? What exactly happened.

NURSE
Nothing broken, fortunately... You're going to be just fine.

The NURSE disconnects TOBY from the IV. The BOSS taps the empty bottle of Frierbras.

BOSS
Balsam of Frierbras. Good product. Great account... Got a surprise for you, Toby.

The BOSS nods to someone off screen and music blares:

ANTHEM
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.
Black man, white man, Indian chief...

TOBY winces at the sound. A huge TV set is wheeled in and right across the bed and shoved right up to his face! Widescreen video all-the-colours-of-Benetton / CocaCola-we-are-the-world choir belting out the anthem!

ANTHEM (cont'd)
...We can muck up the world,
Muck it up good
For once and for all!

BOSS
Look at this!

The BOSS holds up a tacky globe supported by 3 giants.

TOBY
It's horrible. What is it?

BOSS
A gift from a grateful and poverty stricken nation. Their highest award.

The globe falls off the giants' shoulders into TOBY's lap.

BOSS
They love it! You did it again, Toby!

TOBY
You changed the words. It was "Fuck it up" not "Muck it up".

BOSS
Toby! Don't go artistic on me now! Listen to me, we've had a great idea! We're going to put Don Quixote in the middle of them all - singing along - all together!

68 CONTINUED: (2) 68

TOBY
You can't!

BOSS
We can! We will!... We just did!

The BOSS laughs and he and the NURSE and the PORTERS sing along around the glaring TV screen:

ANTHEM
We can do it, we can do it, all together!
We can muck up the world,
Muck it up good
For once and for all!

70 INT AD AGENCY - VIEWING ROOM DAY 70

ON VIDEO SCREEN: DON QUIXOTE (the commercial version - a pathetic fake of the real thing) is surrounded by a SEA OF MULTI-COLOURED, MULTI-SIZED, MULTI-FACED, MULTI-TEETHED HUMANITY. QUIXOTE'S antics are slapstick and foolish.

ANTHEM
Everyone of us has a part to play,
Let's MUCK UP THE WORLD!
We're here to stay!!

TOBY watches. His face is a blank. The tacky award is in his lap. He's sitting with the BOSS, the DIRECTOR, other agency execs and MELISSA, wearing the lightest, dinkiest little headset. MELISSA whispers in TOBY's ear.

MELISSA
Catchy.
(singing)
We can do it, we can do it, all together...

TOBY is utterly nonplussed - who is she? Maritornes? Melissa?

TOBY
Melissa... don't I owe you a meal or something...?

MELISSA
That's sweet. But you can drop the pretence. We don't burn gays anymore.
(Looking heavenward, a message comes over her headset.)
Call back.

BOSS
Powergrid is really behind this one. They love the idea of <u>their</u> Quixote being associated with this spot.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

The boss's wife, ANGELICA, walks in. She's wearing dark glasses - looks fragile. The BOSS points at a seat next to TOBY. She meets TOBY's anxious look.

BOSS (cont'd)
And Bob was good enough to give us a little of his time...

The DIRECTOR turns - sleek and beaming and bright.

DIRECTOR
(to Toby and for everyone)
Oh no, no, no! He's the one! I'm not taking any praise for this one. Your vision, Toby! You did it!

TOBY glares at him. ANGELICA perches beside TOBY. He glances at her profile - is that a bruise beneath her eye? No reaction from her - nothing. TOBY whispers to her.

TOBY
I'm going nuts. What happened? I have to know...

ANGELICA
Can't help you. Every man for himself... Remember?

ANGELICA gives TOBY a quick bright smile. The BOSS looks darkly across at TOBY.

Lights. Everyone flips on their mobile. Every mobile starts ringing. TOBY is white with the awfulness of it.

AD AGENCY SYCOPHANTS
(in between rapid fire phone calls)
Fantastic! Really good!
Best one yet, Toby. I mean, it totally works! Totally cool.

TOBY
It's terrible...

Silence save for the cricket-like burblings of mobiles...

BOSS
It works fine. It's very funny.

TOBY
We should scrap the whole campaign!

DIRECTOR
What?! Don't let him anywhere near it!

BOSS
Maybe you need a little break...

70 CONTINUED: (2) 70

The SYCOPHANTS mutter - is TOBY another exec cracking up? ANGELICA goes to her husband's side - puts an arm round him - smiles at TOBY. TOBY stares into his BOSS's eyes.

BOSS (cont'd)
We need to talk, don't we, Toby... Come over tonight - you know where we are, don't you? Come for dinner. Just the three of us. All right...?

The BOSS leaves with his WIFE... not before she runs a finger along his neck! TOBY is left speechless and trembling.

Everyone else hurriedly files out except MELISSA. MELISSA gives TOBY an arch look.

MELISSA
It's shit. But it works. We got the account. We're making money.
(she shakes her head at Toby)
Hope you know what you're doing, Toby. Brrr! It's cold out there. Oh...
(Another message...she smiles)
On my way up.

Then MELISSA, too, leaves and TOBY is alone.

71 EXT BOSS'S APARTMENT NIGHT 71

The black sky opens and rain buckets down. TOBY stands in a telephone kiosk outside the Boss's apartment. He looks up at a window where the BOSS and his WIFE pace back and forth - yelling - gesticulating - threatened violence...

72 EXT LONDON'S WEST END NIGHT 72

The rain has stopped. TOBY walks through the CROWDS. The eco-ad plays up on the huge digital screen:

ANTHEM
We can do it, we can do it, all together.
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.
Black man, white man, Indian chief.

What has he done?!

TOBY is buffeted by the increasingly aggravated CROWD. A LOST SOUL careers towards him - talking fast - eyes glazed:

LOST SOUL
Wine. Water. Nuts. Olives. Crackers - no, ciabatta, no, Swedish Rye...
(not crazy, just on the mobile)
Fine. Whatever. I wish to fuck they weren't coming.

LOST SOUL 2 runs past - shouting into her mobile.

72 CONTINUED: 72

LOST SOUL 2
I said I'm sorry! I'm there anyway! Where are you? I am outside the bank!

TOBY picks up speed - passes LOST SOUL 3 outside ANOTHER BANK- shouting into his mobile.

LOST SOUL 3
I'm here - outside the bank like I said. Where the fuck are you?! I said I'm here! Are you fucking blind?!

TOBY's mobile rings out the Funeral March. TOBY pulls the thing out - smashes it to the ground. Feet trample the mobile to pieces in seconds.

ANOTHER VOICE - a familiar voice - makes TOBY spin round:

VOICE OFF
Those enchanters blind your eyes with their mirrors...mirrors inside mirrors! Demons!

73 EXT ALLEY OFF HIGH STREET NIGHT 73

TOBY reels off the turmoil of the high street and into an alley. A COUPLE OF HOMELESS crouch together in a doorway. On the wall, an heroic FIGURE SHADOW lifts a clenched fist.

VOICE OFF
I could have vanquished them all - rid the world of every last one of those fiends!...

Don Quixote! TOBY's face lights up. He approaches the scrawny hunched back of the dark FIGURE.

VOICE OFF (cont'd)
It's too late now, too late...

TOBY
It's all right! I'm here! It's Sancho...

The FIGURE turns - a WINO - an angry, brutalized face.

WINO
Fuck off!

73A INT PSYCHIATRIC COUNCILLOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE NIGHT 73A

RUPERT is listening to TOBY.

TOBY
I was there. I could feel the sun. I touched things. I could smell the goddamn place! Things hurt! It was 17th century Spain!

(CONTINUED)

TOBY looks like he just died. He gazes into space - a defeated man - looks across to RUPERT.

RUPERT
I'm really moved that you came to see me privately, Toby. Even at this late hour..

TOBY
You were there too... Am I going mad?

RUPERT
That's medieval talk, Toby. No one goes mad these days.

RUPERT takes a coin from his pocket - toys with it. The light reflects off the coin - dances across the walls - a thousand points of light.

RUPERT (cont'd)
Tell me about this Quixote character..

TOBY
I don't know...I should have stood by him. That's all I know. I betrayed him.

TOBY catches his reflection in an ornate Spanish mirror... RUPERT sits back - ripples the coin back and forth between his fingers. TOBY frowns at the familiar action...

RUPERT
Betrayal? No, no, no...too strong. Don't be so hard on yourself. The fact is, we blunder through life, and sometimes, Toby, trying to make sense of the world can be just too much for us...

The light flashes off the coin and TOBY sees that it is gold!

RUPERT (cont'd)
So we make deals...

TOBY spins round and snatches at the gold coin. It falls. RUPERT's hand slaps down - trapping the coin on his desk top. He meets TOBY's fevered look.

TOBY
Carrasco!

RUPERT
Steady, Toby. Whatever you're seeing is there. I believe you. But it's only there for you...

RUPERT presses a button beneath his desk - the electronic numbers sing out in Morse: S.O.S - S.O.S.- S.O.S.

73A CONTINUED: (2) 73A

TOBY
What have you done with him?!

RUPERT
Me? What have I done with Don Quixote? Aren't you the one who betrayed him!

TOBY hurls himself at RUPERT - rages like a madman!

TOBY
Don't confuse me! What have you done with him?!

The door bursts open. The BARBER and the CURATE rush in dressed in white coats. They charge at TOBY who whirls round.

TOBY leaps round the room to escape their clutches - runs across the top of the desk - slips - falls back - and out the window, snatching hopelessly at the venetian blinds...

73B EXT PSYCHIATRIC COUNSELLOR'S DAY 73B

TOBY falls.. just 2 feet to the flagstones below the window! RUPERT's office turns out to be a basement flat. The torn blinds collapses on top of him. Amazed he's alive, TOBY clambers up to the street level railings - and over the top.

RUPERT O/S
Same time next week?

74 INT TOBY'S FLAT NIGHT 74

TOBY crashes into his flat - locks and bolts the door. Sanctuary! His award - a globe supported by 3 giants stands - on the table. TOBY swigs from a bottle - lights a cigarette. Coughs badly. He doesn't smoke!

The answer machine plays:

BOSS V/O
Toby, where are you? Are you all right? Listen to me, we're still here. Just come over. We're waiting for you...

TOBY kicks the answer machine off the table and it stops. He clicks the remote at the TV. The eco-ad comes on - the squeaky clean CHOIR... with QUIXOTE leading the anthem.

ANTHEM
We can muck up the world,
Muck it up good
For once and for all!

TOBY grabs his award throws it at the screen. BOOM!

75 EXT BLACK VOID 75

Flaming torches! Galloping hoofs. Fractured images. The HOLY BROTHERHOOD gallop with hellish ferocity straight at us!

HOLY BROTHER 1
In the Name of God and the Holy Inquisition!

CARRASCO, the CURATE and the BARBER, still in their bizarre costumes, are thrown into panic as the HOLY BROTHERHOOD descend upon them and the cage containing DON QUIXOTE. The cage door is ripped open and The HOLY BROTHERS haul a whimpering DON QUIXOTE out. A crucifix is thrust into his face, a flaming torch bursts across the screen. Pull back to reveal flaming kindling surrounding DON QUIXOTE tied to a stake high on the execution platform - manacled, tabarded, and crowned with a tall dunce-like cap.

The flames roar and crackle. DON QUIXOTE smiles through the smoke.

DON QUIXOTE
Where are you, Sancho? What's your clever plan?

The flames engulf DON QUIXOTE.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
Sancho, I'm waiting for you, Sancho...

A wall of flame obliterates everything.

76 INT TOBY'S FLAT NIGHT 76

TOBY's copy of Don Quixote has caught fire from TOBY's cigarette. TOBY shouts himself awake from his nightmare. He sees the flaming book beside him. TOBY beats out the flames.

There, preserved in the black ashes is the illustration of Don Quixote imprisoned in the cage on wheels.

In desperation, TOBY paces the room - beats his head against the wall. He rips awards of the wall - smashes them. He drops to his knees. Rhythmically beating the floor with his head.

TOBY
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Fuck it! Fuck it!

Noise of penitental wailing from many voices and ancient drumming make him lift his head.

86 EXT CATHEDRAL SQUARE, TOBOSO NIGHT 86

TOBY is on his knees with OTHER PENITENTS, flagellating themselves - all wearing tabards marked with a red cross.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

They are in a great cathedral square. The Inquisition is staging an auto da fe. Torches. Hooded figures. Fire. RANKS OF INQUISITION OFFICIALS. Ghoulish medieval music brays. Nightmarish figures from Goya swirl through the crowd.

High on the execution platform - manacled, tabarded, and crowned with a tall dunce cap - appears to be DON QUIXOTE - TOBY scrambles to his feet, shoves his way through the crowd.

QUIXOTE turns. It's not him. It's the BARBER. Waiting to be tied to the stakes next to him are CARRASCO, the CURATE, the INNKEEPER and his WIFE...all beaten and tortured. *

Their terrified eyes suddenly focus on TOBY.

CARRASCO
Wait! Stop! He's the one you want to burn - He did this! He's the guilty one! *

The INNKEEPER points at TOBY and screams abuse in Arabic. *

TOBY runs for it - ducks under a colossal 15 foot high painting of Christ Bearing His Heavy Cross being carried solemnly through the chaos - and straight into a passing horse which rears almost throwing its rider - who just happens to be one of THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD.

CARRASCO
Catch him! You want Don Quixote?! - that's your man! There!

TOBY dives behind a cart. There is a door in the wall.

87 INT CATHEDRAL NIGHT 87

Sanctuary. TOBY finds himself in the heart of a great, silent cathedral. He slumps against the wall, exhausted.

Clip, clop, clip, clop... He moves across the aisle. There, riding slowly through the great columns, is DON QUIXOTE.

DON QUIXOTE
(shouting)
Cruel Enchanters! How long will you persecute me?!

TOBY
Shhh! Keep quiet!

DON QUIXOTE
There you are, Sancho, you come and go like a foul wind.
(whispering)
Sancho, I need your help. The Enchanter, * Malambrino has turned Toboso into this * forest of stone...
(shouting)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
You can't keep me from my Lady Dulcinea! I know you can hear me, Malambrino! I know you are there... *

TOBY
Shut up! We are in deep shit.

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho, how will I find the palace of my beloved with these trees in my way?...
(suddenly he brightens up)
Wait! Is that not the very image of my peerless beauty? Do you see what I see?

TOBY
I very much doubt it!

DON QUIXOTE'S POV: a glowing medieval damsel in a chapel.

DON QUIXOTE
(hesitantly)
Can I have proved worthy at last...?

QUIXOTE spurs ROSINANTE toward a statue of the Virgin in a chapel attended by three black robed monks saying prayers.

TOBY rushes after QUIXOTE.

TOBY
It's not Dulcinea!

DON QUIXOTE peers through the columns.

DON QUIXOTE
Hmmm, you seem to be right - this time. But clearly, that is a damsel in distress!

The MONKS close the ornate wrought iron gates of the chapel.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
And those black Spawn of Hell are imprisoning her!

DON QUIXOTE charges. Booting the MONKS out of the way, QUIXOTE throws the gates open, rides into the chapel, and wrenches the statue of the Madonna off its pedestal.

DON QUIXOTE
(brandishing his sword)
Fiends from the depths of hell! Sancho! With me!

TOBY runs to DON QUIXOTE's aid.

MONKS
Sacrilege! Desecration! Blasphemer!

87 CONTINUED: (2) 87

The MONKS try to wrest the Madonna statue back from DON QUIXOTE. But, QUIXOTE whirls round with the Madonna across his saddle in front of him. ONE TENACIOUS MONK clings to the statue. TOBY takes a breath - grabs a large candlestick and whacks the MONK's legs out from beneath him...

88 EXT CATHEDRAL SQUARE, TOBOSO NIGHT 88

On the platform a PRIEST is speaking to CARRASCO and CO.

PRIEST
You have confessed your sins, therefore you will be spared death by fire.

INNKEEPER *
Oh, thank you, Reverence. Thank you. *

PRIEST
Instead, you will be strangled to death... and then burned.

INNKEEPER *
God is too, too merciful.

PRIEST
Isn't he, just.

The MAN with the flaming torch stands back from the piles of kindling stacked up around CARRASCO and CO. The GARROTER clambers up the pyre with his wooden garotte.

CARRASCO
This is all completely absurd! Wake up! We are not in the Middle Ages! This the 17th Century!

Suddenly, the main doors of the Cathedral burst open, scattering the CROWD. DON QUIXOTE gallops out clutching the Madonna with TOBY running hell for leather right behind.

As DON QUIXOTE charges onto the auto da fe platform, the PRIEST and GARROTER leap out of the way. The TORCH BEARER jumps in the opposite direction, his torch is knocked out of his hand, landing in the pile of kindling.

Flames shoot up around CARRASCO and CO.

CARRASCO
(screaming after QUIXOTE and Toby)
You Bastards! Demons! Antichrists! Succubi!... Perverts! Aaiiiee!

The MONKS from the Cathedral race up onto the platform.

88 CONTINUED: 88

MONKS
Sacrilege! They've stolen the Blessed Virgin!!

THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD push through the riotous CROWD towards the pandemonium.

From the platform, TOBY drags a GUARD off his horse. He makes a cinematic leap for the saddle but the horse moves and TOBY lands on the other side of the horse... on a donkey! Backwards! The donkey bolts taking TOBY with it.

TOBY clings to the donkey's tail for dear life as the animal bolts after DON QUIXOTE - straight into the path of the procession carrying the gigantic painting of Christ.

The vast painting falls - smashing down onto the pursuing HOLY BROTHERHOOD.

89 EXT TOBOSO CITY GATES NIGHT 89

DON QUIXOTE, clutching the statue, and TOBY rocket out of city gates and down the road. TOBY is having a terrible time trying to stay aboard his galloping donkey.

Pause... Then THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD charge through the gates in pursuit....followed by the shouting monks.

91 EXT STONE BRIDGE NIGHT 91

DON QUIXOTE glances back at the pursuing HOLY BROTHERHOOD - stops, then throws the Virgin over the parapet of the bridge.

TOBY
What are you doing?!

DON QUIXOTE
It's only a wooden statue, Sancho.

He laughs at TOBY's amazement - gallops off into the woods. TOBY can't move for a second - utterly bewildered. Then he spins rightways round in his saddle and rushes after QUIXOTE.

THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD arrive at the bridge. There is a moment's hesitation whether to retrieve the statue.

HOLY BROTHER 1
Let the monks fish it out.

HOLY BROTHER 3
But, that's the Virgin Mary!

HOLY BROTHER 1
After them!

HOLY BROTHER 1 charges off into the wood... a pause as HOLY BROTHERS 2 & 3 look back at the pursuing MONKS, then follow.

92 EXT TANGLED WOOD NIGHT 92

THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD charge through the dark wood. As they pass a thick tangle of branches we get a glimpse of a pair of anxious faces peering out.

92A EXT THICKET NIGHT 92A

Keeping their mounts quiet, DON QUIXOTE and TOBY hunker down in the cold, wet mud as they watch THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD ride off into the distance. At last it feels safe to talk.

TOBY
(muddy and miserable)
Do you have any idea what I've given up to come back and save you?! I have a highly paid job! My name's on the door! I make successful commercials...

DON QUIXOTE
Oh, dear... Those enchanters have got their talons into you, Sancho. They're using you to distract me from finding my Dulcinea!

TOBY
(end of his tether)
Oh God! Face it, Dulcinea Del Toboso does not exist!

QUIXOTE looks daggers at TOBY, gets up and starts hacking away at the tangled branches and brambles that surround them.

TOBY (cont'd)
Stop this shit! Dulcinea is your invention. You're not crazy, you're just a desperate old man trying to give some meaning to his pointless life before he snuffs it.

QUIXOTE ignores him, continues angrily hacking.

TOBY (cont'd)
And you're trying to drag me down with you!!

DON QUIXOTE O/S
(suddenly pleasant)
Sancho, my son, fair fortune smiles on us...

TOBY looks up. QUIXOTE has hacked an opening in the brambles and is looking away into the strangely bright distance.

TOBY's breath is taken away by what he sees:

93 EXT BEAUTIFUL MEADOW DAWN 93

It's dawn. Across a beautiful, misty, flower-bedecked meadow stands a fairy tale glade. Like a medieval painting come alive, ride a HUNTING PARTY of richly dressed aristocrats.

DON QUIXOTE
Behold, the peerless Dulcinea.

In the centre of the group, on a silver side-saddle on a magnificent white stallion hung with rich emerald-green trappings, sits a dazzlingly elegant LADY. Beside her rides TWO LADIES-IN-WAITING. All three are veiled.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)
Go to her, Sancho. Tell my Lady that Don Quixote De La Mancha, her Knight of the Mournful Countenance, humbly awaits her command.

TOBY
How'm I supposed to say that?

DON QUIXOTE
Have you learned nothing at my side?!

94 EXT FOREST GLADE DAWN 94

The HUNTING PARTY halt at the sight of TOBY approaching.

The muddy, dishevelled TOBY climbs off his donkey - goes down on one knee in front of the elegant VEILED LADY.

TOBY
Ahem... My Lady, Highness, Fair Huntress, Lofty Majesty... My Lady Dulcinea... *

VEILED LADY
I am the Duchess de la Luna y Villahermosa. * *

Surrounded by aristocratic finery, TOBY keeps his head down. *

TOBY *
(muttering to himself) *
Oh, shit! He did it to me again. Now what? * *

VEILED LADY *
Please rise. It isn't proper that the squire of so great and famous a knight as Don Quixote should remain on his knees. * *

TOBY
Famous?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

VEILED LADY
We know all about Don Quixote De La Mancha.

LADY IN WAITING
(lowering her veil)
And about Sancho Panza too.

TOBY looks to the LADY IN WAITING; she is none other than the beautiful, ALTISIDORA. He starts to smile up at her, but she gives a small shake of her head - don't acknowledge her. *

At that moment, the chinless fop, COUNT D'HERPES, reins his horse up alongside ALTISIDORA. The COUNT D'HERPES gestures for ALTISIDORA to raise her veil. * * *

COUNT D'HERPES *
Etiquette, my dear. He is a peasant. *

Proprietorial and arrogant, the COUNT sneers down at TOBY. *

RETAINER *
The noble Duchess de la Luna desires your master to honour us with his company. *

TOBY takes his eyes off ALTISIDORA and, for the first time, notices the RETAINER. IT IS THE SHADY GYPSY BUT, NOW DRESSED IN RICH FINERY - TO BE KNOWN FROM NOW ON AS PASSAMONTE.

96 EXT PALACE OF DUKE DE LUNA Y VILLAHERMOSA DAY 96

The HUNTING PARTY, DON QUIXOTE and TOBY approach the soaring spires and turrets of the glorious palace. Trumpets sound, flags fly, firework mortars explode and MAGNIFICENTLY CLAD COURTIERS wave their welcome from every window.

DON QUIXOTE
(beaming at TOBY)
Didn't I promise that one day I might make you a king, Sancho?

TOBY
(referring to DUCHESS)
You do know that's not Dulcinea?

DON QUIXOTE
(impatient whisper)
Of course it isn't! What made you think she was? Just try to behave, Sancho!

97 EXT COURTYARD OF THE DUKE'S PALACE DAY 97

Amongst a flurry of liveried SERVANTS running to and fro, the HUNTING PARTY rides into a sumptuous courtyard. DON QUIXOTE rides proudly next to the DUCHESS. This is the fairy tale reward for all his pain.

97 CONTINUED: 97

TOBY is in awe of this dream world of DON QUIXOTE's come true. Everything DON QUIXOTE has imagined is, for once, real.

DON QUIXOTE
(in command)
Steady, Sancho.

From the top of a grand staircase trumpeters sound a fanfare and the DUKE, surrounded by RETAINERS including a DWARF JESTER, makes an impressive entrance... although from this distance we can't see him clearly.

PASSAMONTE
Your Grace, may I present Don Quixote de La Mancha - Knight of the Mournful Countenance - Vassal to the Matchless Dulcinea del Toboso.

DUKE
Welcome to the very flower and cream of knight-errantry.

The DUCHESS dismounts to join the DUKE on the stairs. *

In the background TWO SERVANTS pass, carrying a deer carcass roped to a pole. * *

The COUNT D'HERPES helps ALTISIDORA from her horse. He takes her hand - leads her towards the stairs. ALTISIDORA glances back at TOBY. TOBY's eyes are hot on her. * * *

PASSAMONTE gestures for DON QUIXOTE to join them. *

DON QUIXOTE glances sideways to TOBY, clearing his throat as he nods down to his foot which is out of the stirrup impatiently waiting for TOBY's support.

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho. Heel.

Realizing what he is supposed to be doing, TOBY hops off his donkey.

TWO MORE SERVANTS pass with another deer carcass.

DUKE
Worthy knight, you are now under our protection. Within these walls you are safe. You are amongst friends. You are without enemies...

SERVANTS pass by carrying the corpses of THE THREE HOLY BROTHERHOOD roped to poles... Neither TOBY nor DON QUIXOTE see this...

97 CONTINUED: (2) 97

DUKE (cont'd)
(smiling with charm)
Please be so kind as to accept our hospitality and grace our palace with your famed presence...

DON QUIXOTE lowers his free foot beyond the point where he can maintain balance.

DUKE (cont'd)
...and that, too, of your faithful squire, the much beloved Sancho Panza.

TOBY suddenly gets a clear view of the DUKE. He can't believe his eyes! He completely forgets what he's meant to be doing.

THE DUKE IS PLAYED BY THE SAME ACTOR PLAYING TOBY'S BOSS!

DON QUIXOTE overbalances and, as he falls, grabs the saddle - which, pivots around Rosinante's middle bringing DON QUIXOTE crashing to the ground - upside down and with one foot trapped in a stirrup. Upside down, he looks daggers at TOBY.

The ASSEMBLED CROWD are working so hard at not laughing that they're in danger of doing themselves harm.

The DUCHESS lowers her veil to reveal: she is the same actress playing THE BOSS'S WIFE, ANGELICA!

98 INT PALACE BALLROOM SUNSET 98

A glorious ballroom is filled with the swirl of noblemen and ELEGANT women dancing an elaborate courtly dance to the sounds of an exotic Spanish song. Everything is splendid.

99 INT CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BALLROOM SUNSET 99

A cleaned up TOBY, wearing a richly tailored 17th century costume, is led down the corridor by TWO RETAINERS who constantly fuss round him.

The RETAINERS buckle on a silver belt with an ornate sword.

From the opposite direction, PASSAMONTE leads DON QUIXOTE - wide-eyed with wonder. On seeing TOBY, DON QUIXOTE stiffens.

TOBY
(whispers)
I don't like this...

DON QUIXOTE
(irritated and patronizing)
It must seem like heaven to a common peasant such as yourself.

TOBY
I know these people.

99 CONTINUED: 99

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho!! How dare you suggest such a thing! You will remain silent and do nothing without my permission!

100 INT PALACE BALLROOM SUNSET 100

SERVANTS sprinkle DON QUIXOTE and TOBY with perfumed water from silver flasks as they enter. The DUKE and DUCHESS wait to receive our heroes as the dance continues. *

DON QUIXOTE keeps one eye on a very uneasy TOBY.

The DUKE takes DON QUIXOTE by the arm and proceeds across the ballroom. TOBY follows, nervously sandwiched between the DUCHESS and her fat LADY-IN-WAITING.

DUKE
Your brave and lofty adventures precede you, Don Quixote. Reading your exploits has given us great pleasure.

DON QUIXOTE
You have read of my exploits, Sir?

DUKE
We found a precious volume in an Arab market.

TOBY
And you actually read it, did you?

DUCHESS
We had it copied. The whole outside world is reading it.

DUKE
I dare say they know your adventures better than you know them yourself, Sir Knight.

TOBY glances warily at the DUCHESS - who ignores him.

FAT LADY-IN-WAITING
(squeezing TOBY's arm)
This is wonderful! So rare to have a peasant at the fiesta ball! Usually you people are too busy in the fields!

The DUKE's party takes their seats. Waiting alone, COUNT D'HERPES is looking lost as the DUKE greets him, then turns away to gesture DON QUIXOTE to sit beside him. TOBY finds himself between the DUCHESS and the FAT LADY-IN-WAITING. * * * *

DUKE
(to Quixote)
Your arrival is well timed.
(MORE)

100 CONTINUED: 100

DUKE (cont'd)
Today we celebrate the feast of Santa Cathartica. Tomorrow - a wedding... *

Suddenly, the hall is filled with a pathetic wailing. The GUESTS stop dancing. TOBY is immediately on his guard. PASSAMONTE stops the music - approaches the DUKE.

PASSAMONTE
A group of women are here, having travelled far on foot in the hope of finding the brave and noble Don Quixote.

The DUKE turns apologetically to DON QUIXOTE.

DUKE
The curse of fame. Even these high walls cannot hide the light of your virtue.

A GROUP OF LADIES in black wearing long heavy veils, flagellating themselves, heaping ashes on their heads, wailing uncontrollably, enter the hall.

TOBY is suddenly aware of a new sensation - the DUCHESS's leg is rubbing up against his... is he imagining this? He glances over to her - she gives no sign of acknowledgement.

DON QUIXOTE
(grandly, for the benefit of all)
By the strength of this arm and my unconquerable resolve I will provide these ladies with whatsoever they seek.

On seeing DON QUIXOTE the LADIES throw themselves gratefully at his feet.

LADY DOLORIDA
I cast myself down before these feet and legs, these pillars and foundations of Knighthood Invincible. I am the Lady Dolorida, Princess of Candaya and these are my ladies-in-waiting. *

DON QUIXOTE
It is I who should be kneeling before you. Please, sad and beautious lady - rise.

DON QUIXOTE offers LADY DOLORIDA his hand.

The DUCHESS's leg is definitely caressing TOBY's... Glancing nervously around he catches the DUKE looking suspiciously at him. TOBY leaps up - suddenly helpful - anything to escape.

TOBY
Allow me!

100 CONTINUED: (2) 100

TOBY helps LADY DOLORIDA to her feet. DON QUIXOTE is furious by TOBY upstaging him...

DON QUIXOTE
(through gritted teeth)
My squire... Always ready and willing.

Lady Dolorida winks at TOBY. It is ALTISIDORA....

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd) *
Thank you, Sancho - that's enough help. Please return to your seat...

TOBY
I prefer to be at your side, Sire - my rightful place.

ALTISIDORA
Once I was proud, haughty - desired by all men. One day an old and very ugly man came to my palace demanding my hand in marriage. Of course, my ladies and I burst out laughing! At this, the old man's face contorted with rage, his eyes burned fire and he spat out his name.

TOBY sees ALTISIDORA glance across to the DUKE - as if for guidance or reassurance.

ALTISIDORA (cont'd) *
I fell to the floor in fear...before me stood none other than Malambrino!

DON QUIXOTE's eyes sparkle in anger at the name of his nemesis.

DON QUIXOTE
Malambrino!? The most evil and powerful enchanter of them all! My sworn enemy!

TOBY meets the DUKE's glittering stare. Something's being plotted... but what? What's the trap?

ALTISIDORA
Those terrible teeth ground out curses, our faces were pricked with a thousand needle points, our very pores seemed to burst open. And then, as we raised our hands to our faces, we found them like this.

The women lift their veils revealing faces covered with LONG, HAIRY BEARDS!! Gasp! The CROWD recoil.

DON QUIXOTE
What must I do to release you from this abominable curse?

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (3) 100

TOBY's hand automatically clutches at DON QUIXOTE's sleeve.

TOBY
Be careful...

ALTISIDORA
No man has ever undertaken the journey required to lift the spell and lived.

DON QUIXOTE shakes off TOBY's hand.

DON QUIXOTE
There has never been a knight as fearless as he who stands before you.

ALTISIDORA falls into DON QUIXOTE's arms - who nearly swoons.

ALTISIDORA
I knew you would not fail us.
(to Passamonte)
Bring in Clavileño.

Drums start beating, medieval horns wail. A PROCESSION of exotically garbed musicians enter followed by an enormously tall black robed, black hatted, white bearded man. From his waist hangs a huge jewel-encrusted scimitar. Behind him are FOUR WILD MEN, dressed in green oak leaves. On their shoulders they carry a huge, wooden horse. Reaching the centre of the room they set it down. The music stops. *

WHITE BEARDED MAN
(it is Passamonte in disguise)
Let anyone who is brave enough mount this machine.

DON QUIXOTE starts to step forward but, TOBY grabs his arm.

TOBY
(whispering)
Don't...

A moment. TOBY meets DON QUIXOTE's glare.

DON QUIXOTE
Sit down, Sancho!

DON QUIXOTE shakes TOBY off. A moment... TOBY backs off - mistakenly takes Don Quixote's chair. He starts to get up when... with a cool look, the DUCHESS lays a firm hand on TOBY's thigh - sits him back down.

ALTISIDORA leads DON QUIXOTE to the horse bathed in a pool of light.

100 CONTINUED: (4) 100

WHITE BEARDED MAN
With a true knight on his back, Clavileño flies through the air so high and easily it is as if the Devil himself is guiding him. But, beware, any knight who is not pure.

DON QUIXOTE
I am ready. Where must I travel to release you from this curse?

ALTISIDORA
To the moon... and back.

A buzz goes round the excited CROWD.

DON QUIXOTE
(climbing on the horse)
How do I guide this marvel?

WHITE BEARDED MAN
This peg in his forehead is all you need.

The DUKE claps his hands for attention.

DUKE
This is tremendous! The great Don Quixote commences his newest and most extraordinary adventure before our very eyes.
(he smiles across at Toby)
But surely your squire should accompany you?

DON QUIXOTE
I travel alone!

TOBY
(under his breath)
Fuck you, then.

The DUCHESS gives TOBY's thigh a proprietorial squeeze.

A drum roll:

WHITE BEARDED MAN
(holding out a blindfold)
Because of the extreme altitude and the sublime state of the moonlight, the rider must take care to cover his eyes.

DON QUIXOTE
Then blind me securely.

As soon as they blindfold him, MEN WITH GIANT BELLOWS rush into the room. The WILD MEN take up the horse's supports. *

100 CONTINUED: (5) 100

The CROWD restrains their giggles.

ALTISIDORA
May God guide you, brave knight!

DON QUIXOTE pulls back on the peg and the WILD MEN begin rocking the horse. The MEN PUMPING THE BELLOWS direct the air at QUIXOTE's face. The MUSICIANS crank an instrument that makes wind noises.

CROWD
(gasping and oohing)
Oh, look! How high he is! Hold on! There he goes!

A gasp as the horse lurches. QUIXOTE holds on for dear life.

The DUCHESS' hand begins to creep a further up TOBY's leg...

PASSAMONTE directs the chorus - quieter, quieter...

CROWD (cont'd)
Look he is disappearing into the clouds. I can't see him anymore. Get a telescope.

DON QUIXOTE is ecstatic and terrified at the same time - shouting encouragement to the horse.

DON QUIXOTE
Little Clavileño, how fleet you are. We must have risen to the second layer of the air, where hail and snow are born.
(the noisemakers set off an explosion)
No, that is thunder and lightning! We are surely in the third layer of air. It will only be a moment before we reach the moon. Yes, I can feel it's cool aura.

The EFFECTS MEN have huge blocks of ice held in front of the bellows. The BAND begins to play a soft ethereal tune.

TOBY looks across to ALTISIDORA. She smiles back at him. A triumph over TOBY's master...

PASSAMONTE/WHITE BEARDED MAN lifts a huge square megaphone to his mouth and assumes a different voice.

PASSAMONTE
Don Quixote de La Mancha! The moon welcomes you!

DON QUIXOTE
(surprised, then angry)
Huh? I know that accursed voice! Malimbrino!

100 CONTINUED: (6) 100

PASSAMONTE
Malimbrino...?

PASSAMONTE glances across at the DUKE - this bit wasn't rehearsed. The DUKE gestures for him to improvise.

PASSAMONTE
(quickly adjusting)
Ah, yes... Malimbrino - your nemesis. What a surprise! It seems you have succeeded in this trial,... and so, I must lift my curse... you win this time, sad little man.

The DUKE gives TOBY a little smile...

DON QUIXOTE
(outraged)
Little man! How dare you! Am I not the very first to make this stupendous journey?

PASSAMONTE
Yes, the first... after me!

DON QUIXOTE
Then prepare to be eclipsed! Watch how much higher I can fly - to where you dare not even dream.
(he pulls back on the peg)
Claveliño! To the sun!

There is a scramble as the effects team grab torches off the wall - get burning logs from the fireplace. To gain time the wild men rock even more violently. DON QUIXOTE is struggling to stay on board. It's getting ugly.

The shameful trick is too much for TOBY to bear any longer. He starts to get up but the DUKE grabs his shoulder - roughly pushes him back down.

TOBY meets ALTISIDORA's look. Doubt has crept into her triumphant smile... *

TOBY sits there - trapped - the DUKE's hand on his shoulder. *

DUKE *
You wouldn't dash an old man's dreams, would you?

DON QUIXOTE screams as he feels the heat of the burning sun - firebrands brought close to his face!

DON QUIXOTE
Whoa, Claveliño! Steady! Slow down! We are burning up!

100 CONTINUED: (7) 100

DON QUIXOTE desperately wrenches at the peg. The horse bucks and tosses. Thunder. Lightning crashes. The WILD MEN overdo it. DON QUIXOTE can't hold on. He panics, howls for help, loses his grip and falls screaming.... thump!... onto the ground. *

No one moves. DON QUIXOTE rolls over - stiff and bruised. He pulls the blindfold off. He sees the beardless LADIES and smiles triumphantly. *

Then DON QUIXOTE sees them hiding their false beards. He takes in the rest of the room: The fx gear. The torches. PASSAMONTE'S megaphone. The guilty crowd trying not to laugh.

Slowly, DON QUIXOTE pulls himself to his feet. Someone giggles. He picks at a tiny bit of dust on his sleeve. They all lose it - start laughing. He has made a fool of himself. They have humiliated him.

DON QUIXOTE meets TOBY's look. TOBY is paralysed with the awfulness of it all.

TOBY looks to ALTISIDORA. There is some guilt there. She looks away. * *

COUNT D'HERPES sees her reaction - confused and jealous. *

DON QUIXOTE manages to summon up what dignity he has left, bows, and walks slowly out of the room. The CROWD bursts into hysterical laughter and applause...

TOBY meets the DUKE's lethal look...

DUKE
I think we're going to enjoy your stay with us. Welcome to our family. *

101 INT DON QUIXOTE'S ROOM NIGHT 101

DON QUIXOTE enters the room. He looks old, depressed. A tall mirror reflects his sad image. Staring at his reflection, he slumps down on a stool. A pause. Then he notices a run in his green stockings.

DON QUIXOTE
You unkempt old fool! What must they have thought of you!

102 INT PALACE HALLWAY NIGHT 102

TOBY marches grimly down the corridor.Reaching Quixote's room, he knocks on the door. No response.

103 INT DON QUIXOTE'S ROOM NIGHT 103

TOBY enters the room. QUIXOTE is darning his green stocking.

103 CONTINUED: 103

DON QUIXOTE *
(without looking up)
I could only find silver thread. Do you think they'll notice?

TOBY
It'll be fine.

DON QUIXOTE
I could turn it into a design of some kind.

He continues darning. TOBY doesn't know what to say, never having seen QUIXOTE as sad and tired as this. After a long pause...

TOBY
I think we should leave.

DON QUIXOTE
(still without looking up)
Perhaps you're right...maybe tomorrow.
(a long pause)
Next time, Sancho, make sure I listen to you.

TOBY
I'll try. Good night, Sire.

TOBY slowly leaves, looking back sadly at the old man...

104 INT PALACE CORRIDOR NIGHT 104

As TOBY closes the door and turns he sees ALTISIDORA standing in the shadows. Abruptly, he turns away and heads down the corridor. ALTISIDORA runs after him.

ALTISIDORA
Wait!

105 EXT PALACE GARDENS NIGHT 105

TOBY comes through a whirl of activity all in firelight: COSTUMED DEMONS rush through the shadows with blazing torches, richly dressed PEOPLE from the ball, some of them now wearing masks, stroll through - watching MEN complete the building of a colossal papier-mache giant. Musicians tune up. Unorchestrated pieces of the grand fiesta to come.

ALTISIDORA runs after TOBY. *

ALTISIDORA *
What's wrong with you?! *

TOBY *
You humiliated him! *

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: 105

ALTISIDORA
Yes! For you... Now you're free... We made a promise - remember?

TOBY
You degraded him!

ALTISIDORA
You don't want us to escape - do you?!

TOBY keeps going. ALTISIDORA stops.

ALTISIDORA (cont'd)
What did you do to offend my uncle?

TOBY stops in his tracks... beneath the towering papier mache giant.

ALTISIDORA (cont'd)
The Duke is a very destructive man...

TOBY goes very still.

ALTISIDORA looks across to where COUNT D'HERPES and his RETINUE searches the CROWD. ALTISIDORA pulls TOBY into the shadows behind the giant.

ALTISIDORA (cont'd)
This is the night when we sacrifice the misdeeds of the past year... Tonight everything will be purified in the flames...

Animals, effigies, old and broken objects are being hauled up inside the hollow body by costumed DEVILS.

ALTISIDORA (cont'd)
And tomorrow, I am to be married - to that...

COUNT D'HERPES passes close by them...

ALTISIDORA (cont'd)
We have to escape. Tonight.

TOBY
I can't... I have to look after the old man.

ALTISIDORA
Please! You're the one in danger.
(she embraces Toby)
I don't care what you did, I love you. I'm not going to sacrifice you...

TOBY kisses ALTISIDORA passionately. It's the first time he's kissed her. She pulls back - unsure... she kisses back. Hot.

105 CONTINUED: (2) 105

LADY O/S
Slut! Whore!

ALTISIDORA turns, shocked, to be confronted by. TWO RICHLY DRESSED LADIES wearing masks.

ONE LADY brings her hand hard across ALTISIDORA's face!

The ladies drop their masks to reveal the DUCHESS and her LADY-IN-WAITING.

ALTISIDORA reels back, tears flooding.

ALTISIDORA
I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

DUCHESS
You are an embarrassment to me! And a disgrace to the Duke!

A second hard slap!

TOBY
What are you doing?!

DUCHESS
What are you doing?!

ALTISIDORA stands there, weeping.

DUCHESS
Take her to her room!

LADY-IN-WAITING
Silly little goose!

The LADY-IN-WAITING carts ALTISIDORA off.

DUCHESS
She is a child! A wilful child. And you are taking advantage!

Across the courtyard, ALTISIDORA suddenly spins out of the LADY-IN-WAITING's clutches - rushes away through the CROWD. The LADY-IN-WAITING cries out for GUARDS to catch her.

TOBY makes a move and the DUCHESS stops him.

DUCHESS
You have been ignoring me, Mr. Panza. Guests in this castle have certain obligations...
(she reels him in tight...)
Must I spend another night all alone - without any toys or anything?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3) 105

TOBY
I don't want to play this game. The fun's over.

DUCHESS
Oh no it isn't, Mr. Panza, not until we say it is.

The DUCHESS gives TOBY a bright smile - turns and leaves TOBY standing.

At a high window, the DUKE watches...

106 INT PALACE COURTYARD NIGHT 106

TOBY rushes down the colonnade - dodges a COUPLE of SERVANTS bearing garlands - round a puppet theatre. The PUPPETEERS run through their routine - manipulating their string puppets.

107 INT DON QUIXOTE'S ROOM NIGHT 107

TOBY rushes into Don Quixote's room. DON QUIXOTE is sitting by the window - deep in thought - lost.

TOBY
C'mon, we're getting out of here!

DON QUIXOTE
I have a debt to repay...

TOBY
What?!

DON QUIXOTE
A proper guest must be willing to repay his host's hospitality with generosity and good grace...

TOBY
You're a knight errant. You don't have to pay. You rescue damsels, right? Well that's what we have to do - right now!

A sudden loud crashing of hooves. TOBY turns to see ALTISIDORA outside the door with three saddled horses - one of them, Rosinante.

ALTISIDORA
Quickly!! They're coming!

TOBY grabs DON QUIXOTE.

TOBY
We're going.

DON QUIXOTE
I am too old. Let go of me!

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: 107

TOBY *
Please! *

DON QUIXOTE *
I don't want to go. *

ALTISIDORA
Leave him! They're coming! *

There are the sounds of approaching GUARDS. *

TOBY desperately tries to goad DON QUIXOTE.

TOBY
You told me to make you listen to me.
Right? So listen and understand. We have *
to go. Now. The Enchanters are upon us! *

DON QUIXOTE meets TOBY's look.

DON QUIXOTE
I like it here. I do. Everybody's happy - *
it's very comfortable...

TOBY hesitates...looks to ALTISIDORA ...looks to QUIXOTE..the footsteps of the guards sound very close.

TOBY
(utterly exasperated)
You're pitiful! Goodbye! Good riddance!

A cock crows. TOBY leaps on his horse, spurring it angrily - he and ALTISIDORA gallop off leaving behind a pathetic DON QUIXOTE with Rosinante gently nuzzling him.

108 INT TUNNEL & BEYOND DAY 108

ALTISIDORA and TOBY charge down a corridor. They turn into a side passage - hear the sounds of approaching guards.

ALTISIDORA
There's another way.

She wheels her horse. They set off down a dank tunnel. Sounds echo behind them - their pursuers.

They emerge into an utterly dark space... ALTISIDORA reins in her horse.

TOBY
What's wrong?

ALTISIDORA
This should be the way... but ... *

VOICE OFF
Stop!

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: 108

They turn and are confronted by DON QUIXOTE! *

DON QUIXOTE
Traitor! Judas!

As DON QUIXOTE moves forward, we see it is a giant puppet.

DON QUIXOTE PUPPET
(raising his sword)
Kneel before your true master.

TOBY and ALTISIDORA are suddenly surrounded by a DOZEN ARMOURED GUARDS. *

TOBY lashes out in terror and fury only to become entangled * in strings...The GUARDS are puppets too!!! *

The GUARDS' helmets split down the middle and snap back to * reveal the SMILING HAPPY CLAPPY FACES FROM TOBY'S COMMERCIAL. *

ALTISIDORA strikes out. She too becomes entangled. As the two of them struggle, the strings and puppets get in a more and more complicated and infuriating tangle!

THEN:

109 EXT PALACE COURTYARD NIGHT 109

Heavy velvet curtains open to reveal TOBY and ALTISIDORA in a tangled battle with the puppets!

The AUDIENCE laugh and applaud ecstatically. Every one of them wears a DON QUIXOTE MASK. The DUKE, DUCHESS, COUNT * D'HERPES and all the COURTIERS are spectators to our couple's * "escape".

From the wings a FLYING DWARF (the court JESTER) farting green smoke, armed with a club, dive bomb the tangled couple. *

Hysterical laughter from the CROWD... *

As TOBY fights - trying to free himself - he looks up to see * DON QUIXOTE - a forlorn figure watching from his window...

The FLYING DWARF beats TOBY cruelly - each blow is underscored by a raucous BAND. The tune they play is that of the "We Can Muck Up The World" commercial.

ALTISIDORA
Leave him alone!

Wild applause and cheers!

TOBY is hammered by the vicious DWARF. ALTISIDORA fights tooth and claw!

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109

The DUKE and DUCHESS coolly enjoy the ugly display as the trio are punished... COUNT D'HERPES watches, increasingly disgusted by the spectacle. *

COUNT D'HERPES *
This is a disgrace! *

The DUKE sends in the GUARDS who manhandle ALTISIDORA. *

TOBY
(through the tangle of strings)
Don't touch her!

The sword-bearing QUIXOTE PUPPET turns toward the struggling ALTISIDORA. With a comical leer, it's eyebrows rise and, as it's eyes pop out, a GIANT WOODEN STIFFY swings up from between it's legs.

The CROWD goes wild.

COUNT D'HERPES stands - white with outrage. *

COUNT D'HERPES *
Keep your niece! *

COUNT D'HERPES swirls away. *

The DWARF whacks TOBY's skull hard!

110 INT DON QUIXOTE'S ROOM NIGHT 110

Darkness.

VOICE OFF
He's waking...

TOBY opens his eyes. Whiteness. Are we back in the hospital? A hand holds a cool, damp flannel on his aching head. * *

DON QUIXOTE smiles sadly down at TOBY who's bruised and bandaged from his beating.

Another smiling face comes into shot... but this smile belongs to the DUKE. Behind him are his GUARDS.

DUKE
You've been a very naughty boy, my greedy-eyed little peasant.

In a sudden fury, TOBY struggles up - lunges at the DUKE. *

TOBY
Where is she?!

The GUARDS pin him back down.

110 CONTINUED: 110

DUKE
My wife?... Oh you mean, the child. Such bad form; trying to steal her - right in the middle of the celebrations too! Sticky fingers.

The DUKE is mischievous and dangerous as he toys with TOBY.

DUKE
I suppose it's too much to expect a peasant to keep his hands off other people's property... I blame the girl myself. Wilful. Undisciplined... Needs bridling. Schooling.

The DUKE leaves the room with a smile.

DON QUIXOTE tries to calm TOBY.

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho, you fought with such spirit. You fought like Orlando! Crazed and in love! Furioso!... But, Sancho, we have lost... *

TOBY *
What? *

DON QUIXOTE *
In my village I once owned a small * library of knightly chivalry. The * fantasies in those books blinded me - * confused me... *

TOBY struggles to his feet. DON QUIXOTE holds him back. *

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd) *
Look into my eyes, Sancho...there are no * birds in last autumn's nests... It's * over. I am sane. *

A moment where TOBY can't move, then... *

TOBY *
Get out of my way! *

TOBY shoves DON QUIXOTE out of his way - heads for the door.

111 SCENE DELETED 111

111A EXT PALACE COURTYARD NIGHT 111A

TOBY shoves through the celebrating fiesta crowd. PAPIER MACHE GIANTS seem to be following - turning their great heads - watching TOBY. Fireworks explode - echoing off the stone walls - great flashes of coloured light. Fires under the Santa Cathartica giant are being lit.

111B INT PALACE CORRIDORS NIGHT 111B

TOBY ducks cavorting DEMONS, blazing torches and MASKED CHILDREN chanting songs. He glimpses the DUKE - heading towards him. TOBY doubles back, round a corner, and collides with another DUKE! TOBY recoils. The DUKE puts his hand to his face and removes a mask.

It's PASSAMONTE.

PASSAMONTE
I can take you to her.

111C INT ORNATE PASSAGEWAY NIGHT 111C

PASSAMONTE leads TOBY down an ornate passageway. He stops at a door.

PASSAMONTE
Take heart, Toby.

TOBY
What did you call me?

A huge explosion of a mortar. The passageway is briefly illuminated PASSAMONTE disappears into the shadows. TOBY turns to the doorway...

112 INT BED CHAMBER NIGHT 112

TOBY enters a richly decorated bed chamber. A huge veiled bed stands at the centre of the room. On either side of the door stand a pair of a life-size statues of Hercules each with a gnarled club in it's hand. The head of the Santa Cathartica giant is seen through the window; smoke billows around it.

At the far end of the room, standing in the moonlight, is ALTISIDORA, her face turned from TOBY.

TOBY
Altisidora? Are you all right...?

She turns her face towards him - beautiful and sad...

TOBY goes to her, holds her - kisses her... but her mouth is hard... cold. He recoils... it is a mask. He rips it off her face. The DUCHESS smiles at TOBY. He staggers back in shock.

112A INT CHAPEL NIGHT 112A

Violently, a skirt is ripped off, exposing bare legs. ALTISIDORA tumbles back onto a rack of flaming candles - sending wax and flames spattering across the floor. The DUKE looms over ALTISIDORA.

DUKE
Time to learn better, my dear. *

(CONTINUED)

112A CONTINUED: 112A

The DUKE lets a leather whip unfurl to the ground.

112B INT BED CHAMBER NIGHT 112B

The DUCHESS clutches at TOBY - smothering him in embraces - pulling his clothes off as he tries to escape.

115 INT CHAPEL NIGHT 115

The DUKE's whip cracks. ALTISIDORA blocks the whip with a statue of the Virgin Mary. The statue falls - smashes to smithereens. The child Christ's head rolls away to a corner.

The DUKE blunders towards ALTISIDORA. She scrambles away - knocks a large crucifix to the ground. The DUKE comes after her. ALTISIDORA steps on the crucifix base and it see-saws up and whacks the DUKE straight between the legs!

115A INT BED CHAMBER NIGHT 115A

TOBY spins round out of the DUCHESS's grasp - winding silk sheet around himself.

TOBY
This is madness!

The DUCHESS spins TOBY and floors him.

DUCHESS
We're going to make up for lost time.

115B INT CHAPEL NIGHT 115B

A GUARD bursts in wearing a mask of the Duke's face on his forehead. The DUKE lies groaning amid the debris. ALTISIDORA grabs his sword and impales the GUARD.

115C INT BED CHAMBER NIGHT 115C

Outside the window, flames are billowing up around the Giant. * The DUCHESS jumps astride TOBY's twisting body.

DUCHESS
Let's send that little red devil straight to hell!

The DUCHESS reaches down between TOBY's legs.

117 INT DON QUIXOTE'S ROOM DAY 117

ALTISIDORA bursts in wearing the guard's doublet and his Duke-mask. She raises the mask.

DON QUIXOTE is on his hands and knees scrubbing the floor.

ALTISIDORA
Where is he?! What are you doing?!! *

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

DON QUIXOTE
I'm making myself useful... *

ALTISIDORA rushes away leaving DON QUIXOTE watching after her, scrubbing brush in hand...

118 INT BED CHAMBER NIGHT 118 *

TOBY capsizes the DUCHESS - scrambles out from beneath her - * runs blindly for the door.

119 INT PALACE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CHAPEL NIGHT 119

The DUKE blunders out of the chapel - hurtles down the corridor, grabbing a sword from another GUARD...

120 INT BED CHAMBER NIGHT 120

TOBY trips over the wreaths of silk - bangs straight into the door with his head and finds himself peering through a distorting peephole: A dark threatening figure brandishing a * sword advances towards the door! *

TOBY peers closer and sees: *

For the briefest second we are back in the modern world. TOBY sees his BOSS returning home unexpectedly - lurching up to the door of his apartment - trying to find the right key!

TOBY
It's him! He's back!

Panic. *

The DUCHESS catches up with TOBY - pulls him back to the floor. TOBY struggles in her grasp.

Outside the window, flames are beginning to shoot out of the giant's head.

The DUCHESS begins to laugh at TOBY's distress - helpless laughter that makes her roll across the floor.

TOBY (cont'd)
He'll kill me this time for sure! What am I going to do?! What am I going to do?!

TOBY runs blindly in a wide circle.

DUCHESS
(laughing)
Every man for himself.

Then he stops.

TOBY grabs one of the clubs from the Herculean statues framing the door - turns to the DUCHESS.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: 120

TOBY
No more enchantments...

As the door bursts open, TOBY swings the club in a wide arc.

TOBY (cont'd)
Die, foul fiend!

The cudgel thwacks into the FIGURE - sending him reeling back through the window, dragging the curtains, and smashing hard into the balustrade. Fireworks burst. Flashes rip the sky!

It's DON QUIXOTE!

TOBY runs to grab him as he slowly topples in slow motion backwards over the balustrade scattering doves that had been perching there... His hand goes out for QUIXOTE... TOBY grasps at nothing... Too late...

Trailing the curtain, QUIXOTE falls backwards into the burning papier mache giant - down into it's hand - taking the arm with him...

DON QUIXOTE smashes into the ground - held in the female giant's mangled hand.

Thunder rolls and it begins to rain - beating down with tremendous force - extinguishing the flames - sending plumes of steam into the air. WOMEN sing a strange and sad lament, tears running from their eyes...

TOBY can't believe what he sees. DON QUIXOTE lies dead in the giant's hand amidst a lake of swirling paint and blood.

Behind TOBY the DUKE arrives. ALTISIDORA rushes in behind him. Freezes. The DUKE stares out of the window. The DUCHESS shakes her head sadly. The DUKE puts his arm round her.

DUKE
Hmmm. This is the one month it never rains - never ever...

TOBY can't move. He feels the last vestiges of sanity slipping away...

121 EXT DESERT WILDERNESS SUNRISE 121

Two figures move slowly across the wilderness: TOBY, on ROSINANTE, follows along behind ALTISIDORA. He wears his torn 17th Century costume, breastplate, sword. Don Quixote's lance is strapped behind him. He pauses - lost - shattered.

TOBY
(mumbling hopelessly)
He said he couldn't die. He lied to me...

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

ALTISIDORA
Keep going. We're not free yet. *

ALTISIDORA keeps going. TOBY trails behind her, silent.

Distant thunder - Boom! Boom! Boom!

TOBY *
What's that? *

TOBY goes to twist around in his saddle.

ALTISIDORA
Don't look.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

TOBY
Something's coming...

ALTISIDORA
There's nothing there. Please, don't look. *

Boom! Boom! Boom! *

Giant shadows rise across TOBY. He turns and looks back. *

ALTISIDORA
Don't look! Looking makes things real. *

THREE GIANTS loom up over the brow of the hill. In their hands are great cudgels. They see the diminutive figures of TOBY and ALTISIDORA. *

TOBY
They're after us! Run! Get out of here! *

TOBY reins Rosinante round to confront the GIANTS.

ALTISIDORA turns to see TOBY readying Quixote's lance.

ALTISIDORA
No!... Why did you have to look? *

TOBY
Keep back! You're in grave danger!
(shouting at the GIANTS)
Prepare to meet your doom!

ALTISIDORA
(trying to restrain TOBY) *
Don't!

TOBY *
I entrust my heart and soul to you...

121 CONTINUED: (2) 121

TOBY charges straight for the FIRST GIANT. The GIANT swings his cudgel, shattering the lance, knocking TOBY to the ground. THE GIANTS roar with laughter at the puny little man. *

TOBY scrambles up from the dust, seizes the opportunity - draws his sword - and plunges it into the GIANT's leg.

TOBY
Die, foul miscreant!

Giant blood spurts in great fountains. The GIANT roars in pain and grabs TOBY, wrenching him out of the saddle.

ALTISIDORA rushes forward - launches herself towards TOBY as he is lifted. She misses him, but clings on to the GIANT's fist. The GIANT hoists both of them high into the air and towards his huge, foul smelling mouth.

ALTISIDORA begins slipping. TOBY makes a grab for her - manages to grasp her sleeve - awkwardly crossing his arms so that his sword arm is trapped. ALTISIDORA dangles in mid-air.

The GIANT's cavernous mouth looms. TOBY's sword arm is still trapped. He can't defend himself without dropping ALTISIDORA.

ALTISIDORA
Let me go.

TOBY
Never.

TOBY hangs on. The GIANT's slavering mouth opens wider, saliva runs over his gnashing teeth...

With desperate bravado, TOBY chances everything. He flicks his sword high into the air - frees his trapped arm and just manages to catch the sword as it falls past.

Twisting round, TOBY plunges the sword straight into the GIANT's gaping black maw. And...

...Light bursts forth from the gash. TOBY is slashing open what seems to be canvas...

TOBY'S SWORD HAS SLICED THROUGH THE SAIL OF A WINDMILL...!!

ALTISIDORA's SLEEVE TEARS. SHE FALLS OUT OF TOBY'S GRASP...

122 EXT FIELDS OF MONTIEL DAY 122

TOBY is hanging from a windmill's swirling sail as ALTISIDORA CRASHES THROUGH ANOTHER SAIL... AND DOWN TO THE GROUND.

As his sail descends, TOBY frantically lets go, dropping to the ground next to the small, broken body of ALTISIDORA.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

Kneeling down, TOBY cradles her in his arms. ALTISIDORA IS DEAD. It's over. He has lost all. Even tears of grief.

The sun burns down. The windmills grind on. TOBY lifts his eyes to the glare.

TOBY blinks at the sun which we can now see is just a bare light bulb... From somewhere, Altisidora's beautiful voice begins to sing that haunting, ancient song.

123 INT QUIXOTE'S TENT NIGHT 123

The light bulb hangs in front of a familiar painted backdrop - the bad copy of Goya's painting of a colossal giant. Seated in front of it, in silhouette, is a MAN.

MAN
I was born by the special will of heaven in this Age of Iron, to restore the lost Age of Chivalry. I am the man for whom all dangers are expressly reserved - and grand adventures and brave deeds also!

It is TOBY - much older, but still TOBY. Despite his advanced years, his eyes are alight. His face wears a strange, sad smile.

TOBY
My name is Don Quixote de La Mancha...
I am unable to die.
Some say I am mad...that I only inhabit my illusions.
(straight to the camera)
But then, how is it I see you? Unless... you are but one more of my dreams...

The screen goes black.

THE END